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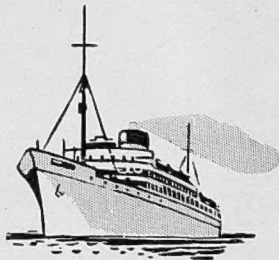
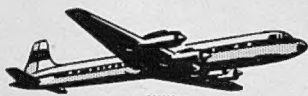


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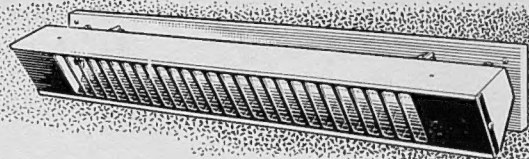
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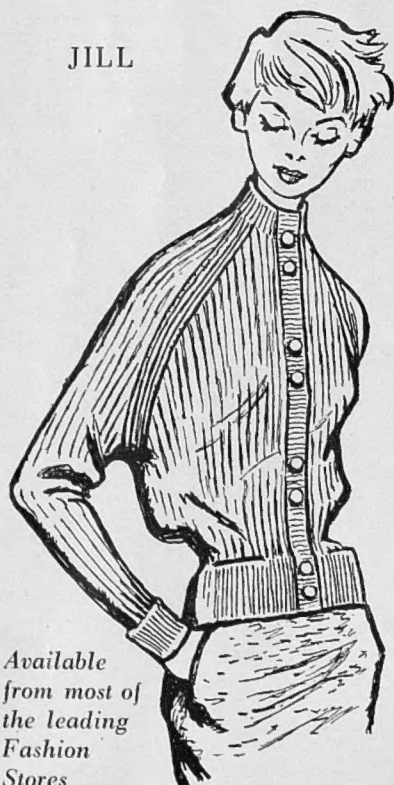
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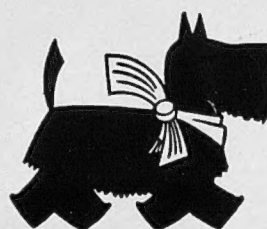
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MISS CHARLOTTE NEAVE is the twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. C. Neave of Loddon Court, Spencers Wood, near Reading. She is interested in the arts, painting and music, and herself plays the piano and sings. Miss Neave was for a time at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, and is now studying architecture in London at the Architectural Association. This picture was taken while she was holidaying at Wengen

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 2 to January 9

Jan. 2 (Wed.) Good Counsel Ball at 6 Belgrave Square.

Steeplechasing at Ayr and Cheltenham.

Jan. 3 (Thurs.) Children's Party in aid of the League of Pity at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Jan. 4 (Fri.) The Pytchley Hunt Ball at Holdenby House, Northampton.

Steeplechasing at Windsor.

Jan. 5 (Sat.) Rugby Football: England v. The Rest at Twickenham.

Steeplechasing at Windsor, Wetherby and Leicester.

Jan. 6 (Sun.)

Jan. 7 (Mon.) Steeplechasing at Leicester.

Jan. 8 (Tues.) Young People's Ball in aid of the League of Pity at Londonderry House.

Jan. 9 (Wed.) Princess Alexandra will be present at *Puss In Boots* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in aid of the Junior Red Cross.

Cotswold Children's Hunt Ball at Rossley Manor.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

IN LONDON NOW HOLIDAY SHOWS

"SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville)

A musical play that in its third year still tinkles its way into people's hearts.

"GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (Lyric)

A zippy musical take-off of film blondes with a rhythm as insistent as a publicity-agent's dialogue.

"FANNY" (Drury Lane)

Not Rodgers and Hammerstein, but well worth seeing for the decor, girls and Robert Morley.

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's)

The twenties skit that rises above its pastiche to a quality of its own. Soon in its fourth year.

"THE PAJAMA GAME" (Coliseum)

Becoming a London landmark, this swift, tuneful, energetic musical is American, though its cast is cosmopolitan.

"THESE FOOLISH KINGS" (Victoria Palace)

The Crazy Gang in their latest avalanche of demonic havoc.

"LA PLUME DE MA TANTE" (Garrick)

Anglais-French revue. Funny, astringent, and a "must." Has a horse in the cast.

"SAILOR BEWARE" (Strand)

Peggy Mount as funny as she was last Christmas in this riotous domestic farce.

"DRY ROT" (Whitehall)

This farce has not let the house down yet. With Brian Rix, its impresario with the popular touch.

"THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELOR" (Duchess)

Cecily Courtneidge, Robertson Hare and Naunton Wayne. Old favourites in a new old-fashioned rollicking farce.

"THE WONDERFUL LAMP" (Palladium)

With a male Aladdin as an innovation. Norman Wisdom and Sonnie Hale.

"DICK WHITTINGTON" (Palace)

George Formby. A welcome addition to an old tradition.

"PETER PAN" (Scala)

Janette Scott this year conducts the delightful rituals in the Never-Never land.

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Coliseum) (Matinees only)

Markova and Dolin in the popular balletic production of this classic.

"ALI BABA" (Players')

An old time pantomime in keeping with this theatre's old time tradition.

"THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" (Arts)

The famous Victorian melodrama, here played straight, unlike the Players' production.

"THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD" (Arts) (Matinees only)

Mr. Nicholas Stuart Gray's admirable children's play.

"THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

Another of Mr. Gray's most popular adaptations of fairy tales.

"NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Stoll) (Matinees only)

Most enjoyable for the youngest children. Miss Blyton knows her stuff.

"THE FAMOUS FIVE" (Hippodrome) (Matinees only)

Miss Blyton's compulsive Christmas fare for children older than Noddy lovers.

"FAMILY FUN" (Adelphi) (Matinees only)

Harry Corbett, Sweep and Sooty in a brand new edition, with Elton Hayes.

"CINDERELLA ON ICE" (Empire Pool, Wembley)

Gloria Nord makes a most glamorous Cinders in this exotic pantomime on ice.

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia)

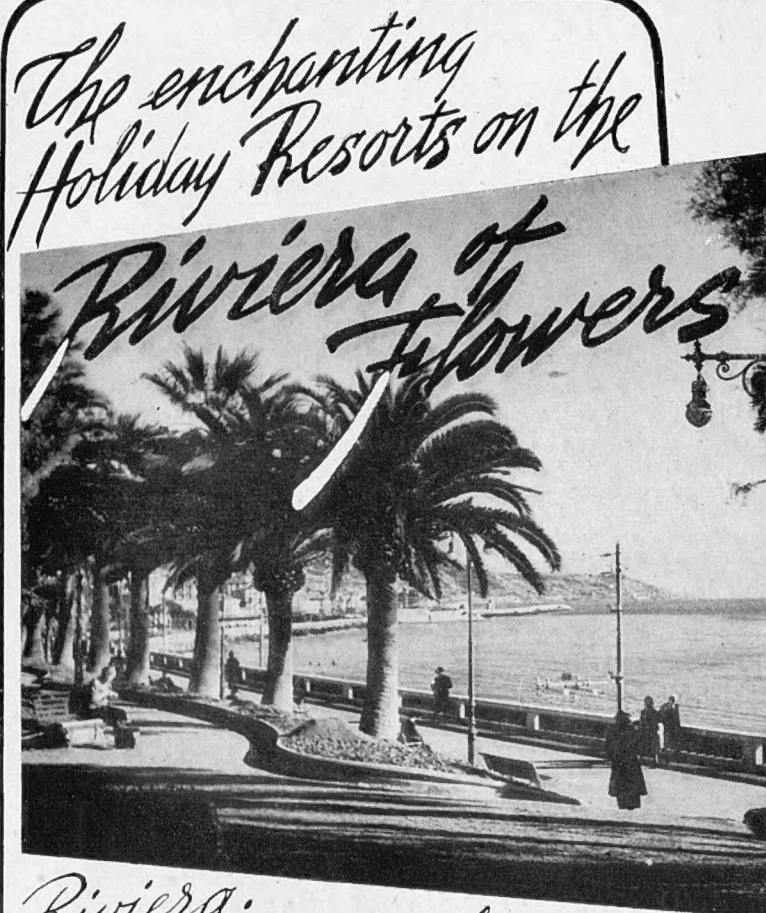
This best known of all London circuses is as splendid as ever.

FESTIVAL CIRCUS (Harringay Arena)

Tom Arnold's special circus for which he has collected acts from twenty nations.

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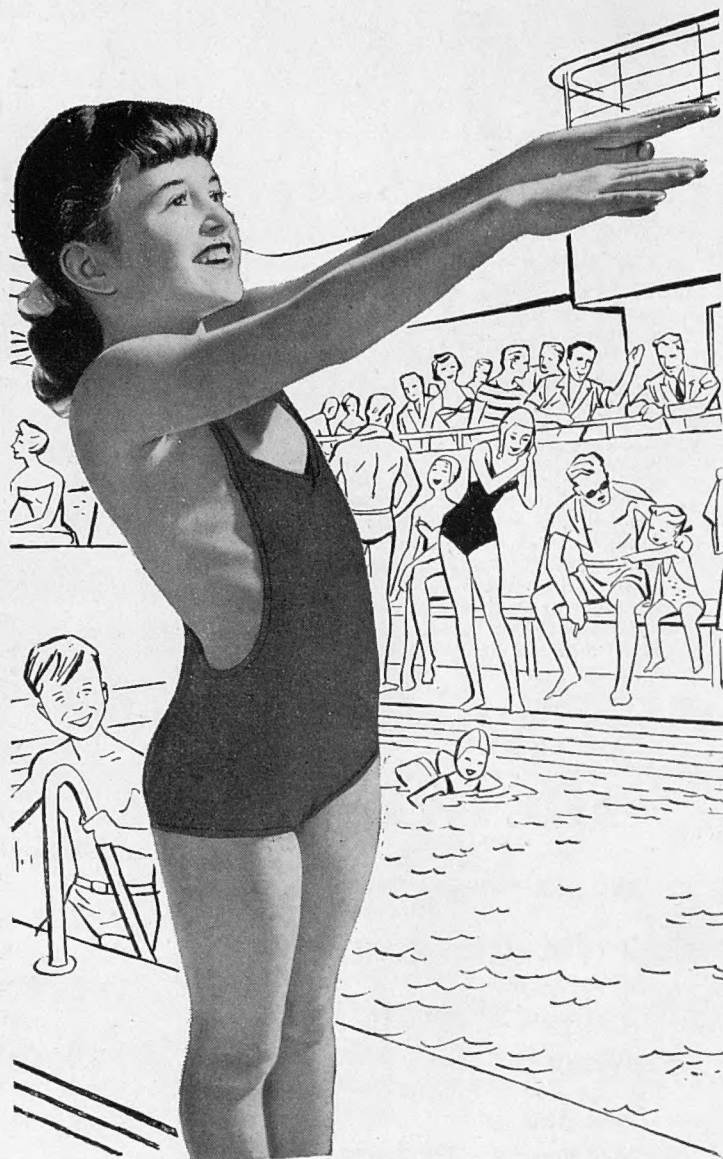
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A great dancer and her children

MRS. LUDOVIC KENNEDY is seen with her two daughters, four-year-old Ailsa, and Rachel Katherine who was only a few weeks old when this photograph was taken. As Moira Shearer, Mrs. Kennedy is famed all over the world as a great ballerina whose charm and grace were especially

moving in the role of Cinderella which she created in 1948. Since her marriage in 1950 to Ludovic Kennedy, the writer, she has shown her ability as an actress, joining the Bristol Old Vic in 1955; she has also had leading roles in several films starting with "The Red Shoes," in 1948

YOUNG CHELSEA FAMILY AT HOME

COUNTRESS ALPHONSE KINSKY seen in her father's house in Cadogan Square with her children. Cyril is two and a half, and Marie-Pauline was born in Toronto last January. Before her marriage Countess Kinsky was Miss Monique Bohn, daughter of Mr. Norman Bohn and the late Mrs. Bohn. Count and Countess Kinsky make their home in Canada when they are not in England



Archie McNair

Social Journal

Jennifer

A CHRISTMASTIDE WEDDING

LADY MARY LINDESAY-BETHUNE, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, made a really radiant bride when she married Capt. Owen Varney of the Scots Guards at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, which was decorated with large vases of well-arranged golden and white chrysanthemums and white arum lilies. Lady Mary wore an exquisite crinoline wedding dress of oyster and gold brocade, with a large bow at the back, cleverly falling on to the train. A diamond and pearl bandeau held in place her long tulle veil, and she carried a bouquet of stephanotis, freesias, roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Her bridal retinue of four little pages dressed in replicas of Scots Guards uniform, and four little girls in long cream net dresses with headdresses of mixed white flowers and posies to match tied with narrow red satin ribbon, was most picturesque. The pages were the Hon. David Brudenell-Bruce, David Lorimer, Hew Blair and James Hugonin, and the little bridesmaids Serena Hugonin, Caroline Smyth, Ann Manningham-Buller and Sarah Whitbread.

A GUARD of honour of warrant officers and sergeants of the Scots Guards lined the pavement as the couple left the church for the reception at Claridge's. Here the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, the latter looking elegant and charming in a grey faille dress with a little pink velvet hat trimmed with grey ospreys, received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. E. I. Varney, who looked very chic in azure blue satin with a blue feather-trimmed hat and mink stole. Guests found, to their pleasure, that they were able to go straight into the reception, and had not to endure the usual queue caused by the taking of the wedding photographs.

Among those who had come to wish this very popular young couple many years of great happiness were her brothers and sister, Viscount Garnock and his attractive wife, and the Hon. John Lindesay-Bethune

with Mrs. Lindesay-Bethune and Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, who wore a long blue velvet coat and hat to match. The bridegroom's commanding officer, Lt.-Col. Henry Clowes, was there with Mrs. Clowes, and many brother officers from the regiment, also Viscountess Savernake, whose son David was a page, Col. and Mrs. Tommy Lindsay over from their home in Northern Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Algy Smith whose little daughter was a bridesmaid, Lady Salisbury-Jones, Lady Barber, the Hon. Mrs. Stourton and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd.

OTHER young friends at this happy wedding included Miss Norina Stewart-Clark, pretty in black trimmed with white ermine, with Miss Petronella Elliot who was in red, Miss Anne Abel Smith and her sister Elizabeth, Miss Janet Illingworth, Miss Susie Hennessy and Mr. Peregrine Bertie, who was best man and received a good deal of quiet teasing for not having the bridegroom in his place very long before the bride arrived! Many recent brides and young marrieds were there, including Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer's daughter Nichola, now Mrs. Colvin—she was married in Malta in September, and her husband, who is now in Cyprus, hopes to be home next month—Mrs. William Weatherall, pretty in red, Mrs. Burbidge, Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling, Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Countess Kinsky, whose husband was due to join her from Canada for Christmas, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Floyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Watney.

The bride chose a bright red fitted coat and a chic little red hat when she left with the bridegroom for their honeymoon in the Canary Islands. When they came downstairs the young couple found that the guard of honour had, like most of their friends, stayed to see them off, and re-formed on the pavement, while two pipers of the Scots Guards preceded them through the lines of waiting guests to their car, piped

them away as they drove off, and remained playing their pipes in Brook Street, to the astonishment of passers-by, until the bridal car was quite out of sight.

★ ★ ★

THIS year for the first time the Warwickshire Hunt Ball took place at Coughton Court, near Alcester, the lovely home of Sir Robert and Lady Isabel Throckmorton, who very kindly lent it for the occasion. Dancing took place in the high ballroom with its domed ceiling and fine family portraits. Beautiful tapestries hung in the supper room, and more magnificent pictures on the finely panelled walls of the first floor dining-room, where a bar had been arranged all along one wall, and another smaller one on the floor above, in a round room with leaded Gothic windows.

This beautiful old house made a splendid milieu for the ball, which was attended by over four hundred guests, many of whom were wearing pink coats, which made it a very colourful affair. I heard a number of those present remark that it was a lovely setting, and the best hunt ball for years. Much of the credit for this successful evening should go to Mrs. Margaret Dunne, who looked charming at the ball in a deep purple dress and lovely diamonds, and Lady Watson, who helped Mrs. Dunne organize the event so efficiently; she came with her son, Sir Andrew Watson.

The three joint-Masters, Miss Beryl Buckmaster, Major Stanley Cayzer and Major Philip Profumo, were all there and brought parties, as did Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, who had Lord and Lady Melchett and Col. and Mrs. Jack Hirsch and their débutante daughter Joanna Hirsch among their guests at Upton Park. Sir Robert and Lady Isabel Throckmorton—the latter looking charming at the ball in a white and silver dress—had a party of friends staying, including Col. and Mrs. Jimmy Ford. The young Marquess and Marchioness of Hertford came over from their home nearby, and I saw the Hon. Mrs. Derek Cardiff in green tulle (she had done all the lovely flower arrangements), the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the latter very attractive in black velvet and old lace, who dined with Mrs. Dunne; Major John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, who brought a party from Moreton-in-Marsh, including Capt. and Mrs. Charles Ratclyffe and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, who came with their hosts for the weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Ansell, Lady Sykes, and Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton whom I met talking to Mr. William Pilkington, one of the joint-Masters of the Bicester Hounds, and his very charming wife.

MAJOR DANCE, M.P., and Mrs. Dance, very attractive and chic in a sheath black velvet dress with a flowing panel of black taffeta, brought a party over from Moreton Morrell, including Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Bruce Spicer, Mrs. Max Niven, Mr. Harry Middleton, Mr. Hignett and Miss Angela Dance. Also present were the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel, the Hon. Robin Cayzer and his wife, who looked outstandingly pretty, Mrs. Reggie Hodgkinson, Major and Mrs. Peter Starkey and her brother Mr. Thomson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Scott, Sir Francis Weatherby, Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Lakin, whom I saw dancing together, and Mr. and Mrs. James Weatherby.

Mrs. Ronnie Holbeach, who was dancing the most modern dances energetically, and her son, Mr. John Holbeach, brought a young party including her débutante granddaughter, Miss Anne Holbeach. There was a great number of young people enjoying this very gay evening, among them Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin and the Marquess of Waterford, who were staying with Major Philip Profumo, his brother Lord Patrick Beresford and Miss Henrietta Crawley, who was staying at Chadshunt with Mrs. Dunne, whose son and daughter, Mr. Thomas Dunne and Mrs. Philippa Bridge, were also at the ball, the Hon. Robin Denison-Pender, Miss Clare Cobbold, Miss Carlotta Horton, Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, and Miss Jane Allday, who had a young people's party the following evening at her parents' home at Halford.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY met a most interesting personality who I am sure will be a godsend to many parents in the school holidays. This is Miss Dorothy Giles, well known to a great number of American visitors for the wonderful sightseeing tours she arranges for them during the summer. She is unique, I am told, for her endless repertoire of stories and fascinating anecdotes about the places visited. Now Miss Giles is arranging Christmas holiday tours in London, and young friends who accompanied her last year found it so interesting and enjoyed their tours so much that they are already beseeching her to take them to fresh places these holidays.

These tours begin on January 4 and include the City of London, Guildhall and Museum, the Houses of Parliament (which is an all-day tour), Westminster Abbey's royal tombs and Poets' Corner, the Royal Mint, the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, the Royal Mews, the London Telephone Exchange, etc. For more details, write to Miss Dorothy Giles, 6 Cavendish Avenue, Putney, London, S.W.15.

[Continued overleaf]

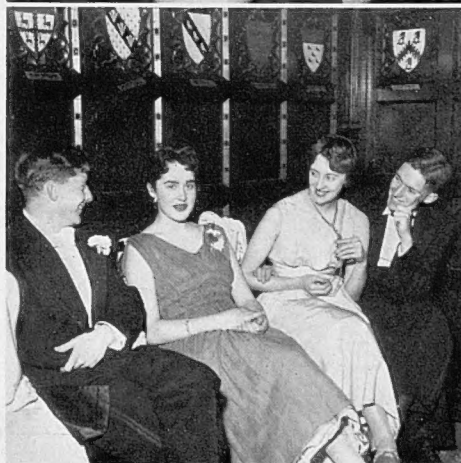
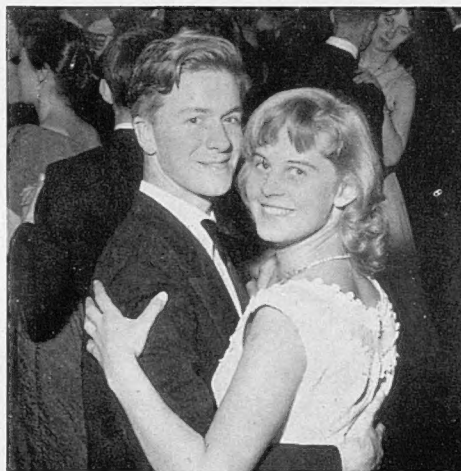


Van Hallan

Merton College, Oxford, held their Christmas Ball in the ancient Dining Hall of the College which provided a fine setting for the dancing. Above: Miss M. Jury, Miss J. Issard, Mr. L. Jebb and Mr. D. Hall, Ball Chairman

Miss Anelisa Rontved and Mr. Robin Aird

Miss Jocelyn Smith with Mr. Raymond Chapman



Mr. R. Bulgin, Miss Belinda Brett, Miss Susan Dring, Mr. R. McLellan

Mr. M. Armstrong, Miss E. Pratt, Miss E. Metcalf, Mr. P. Galloway

THE Queen, with her children Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and her sister Princess Margaret, made a very happy little family party when they went to the Palace Theatre to see the preview matinee of the pantomime *Dick Whittington*. Mr. Emile Littler very kindly gave the preview of this gay and glittering show—his fourteenth London pantomime—which he has written, presented and produced, in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors. This great naval charity cares for the friendless, the lonely, the sick, and the aged mariners of the Senior Service, and each year makes grants of close on a quarter of a million pounds.

It is decidedly fitting to have *Dick Whittington* as the pantomime this year, as Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London between 1397 and 1420, was an Admiral in his own right! And every Lord Mayor of London automatically becomes Admiral of the Port of London when he assumes office.

Beryl Stevens is a very dashing Dick Whittington, and George Formby excellent as Idle Jack. The tunes are good, the jokes up to date and amusing, and the production first-class; a combination that results in a really outstanding pantomime which old as well as young will enjoy. No two children in the audience laughed more or watched every scene with clearer enjoyment than Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who often turned to their mother or aunt to share the joke. Princess Anne is obviously already very musical, and each time the orchestra struck up her hands would spontaneously wave or tap the rhythm for a second or two.

The Royal party sat in a box, the Queen wearing a long dark blue velvet coat with a narrow roll collar of white fur and a little white hat; Princess Anne wore a tomato red coat over a short-sleeved green velvet dress, Prince Charles was in a grey suit and Princess Margaret had on a red dress under her mink coat. In one of the boxes opposite the Royal box, Earl Beatty had a big party of children, including his son and his stepson. In the interval I met Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, with a party of six little boys and girls, two of whom were her grandchildren, and the other four children of members of the French Embassy. Viscount Astor was sitting in the second row of the stalls with William, his six-year-old son, and I saw Mrs. Ommaney with her goddaughter, and Mrs. Arthur Gibbs with two of her eleven grandchildren, who enjoyed every moment of the performance.

* * *

THE Bertram Mills Circus luncheon before the opening performance of the Circus at Olympia is an annual event to which all who are invited look forward with delight. Guests always include the Lord Mayor of London (who later opens the Circus), members of the Diplomatic Corps, of the Cabinet and both Houses of Parliament, leaders in industry and personalities from every walk of life. The Marquess of Exeter presided again this year, and although only off the long airtrip from Australia by a matter of hours—he had been attending the Olympics in an official capacity—he made a rousing and witty speech, ending with congratulations to the joint hosts, Mr. Cyril Mills and his brother Bernard, who not only provide this outstanding annual luncheon, but never fail to put on a really wonderful circus with a vast number of sideshows at Olympia each Christmas; all of which gives pleasure to young and old from every part of the country.

I was able, fortunately, to stay and watch some of the performance this year, and enjoyed it more than any circus of previous years. The performing animals are superb. They include four baby elephants, extremely clever zebras, and of course some of the magnificent horses

and ponies without which no circus is complete. The acrobats are amazing. Outstanding among them are a young couple called the Two Beeloes, who do unbelievable balancing acts on a push-bicycle on a twenty-foot pedestal, the Two Belingoes, who perform very original roof-high acrobatics, Malikova, an attractive girl who does wonders on a high wire, and Meribeth Old, who ties herself into knots in a most fascinating manner. Last but not least, I must not forget the clowns, who are as funny as ever.

Among those I saw at the opening were the Marchioness of Exeter, who told me what an interesting time she and her husband had enjoyed in Australia; she was in dark blue, and wearing the most exquisite heirloom brooch—a cabochon sapphire surrounded by diamonds, with a huge pear-shaped pearl at the bottom, set in diamonds.

OTHERS I saw were the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the Earl and Countess of Derby—the latter in red—Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Their Excellencies the High Commissioners for Canada, South Africa and New Zealand, Lord and Lady Tryon, Lord and Lady Mancroft, Lord Aberdare, the Countess of Selkirk, Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George, Earl and Countess Attlee, Sir William Teeling, and Lord and Lady Gifford. Also among those present were Mr. George Ritchie and Mr. Ronald Pickering, both directors of the Circus, and their wives, Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, and the Hon. Lionel Berry and his two attractive daughters Mary Anne and Jane; the latter, who is a very promising young rider in the show jumping world, was having a word with Miss Pat Smythe on her way out from lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames were at the luncheon, and later joined their three eldest children, who sat near me at the performance and were enthralled by the acts. In nearby seats were Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, and I saw Viscountess Knollys with a young friend, who, like all the children around me, was applauding enthusiastically. This fine entertainment will be at Olympia until February 2.

* * *

I COULD not be present at the Cresta Ball at the Savoy Hotel, as it clashed with the Warwickshire Hunt Ball. From friends who were there I hear it was a very gay affair and a great many St. Moritz regulars turned up in full force. Lt.-Col. Jimmy Coats, President of the Cresta Club, and Lady Amy Coats, had a big party including his sister Viscountess Knollys, who looked very elegant in a beautiful emerald green satin dress, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Lord Tennyson and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harbord. Lord Brabazon of Tara, who one might rightly describe as *the* veteran of the Cresta, and Lady Brabazon, and their son the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon and his wife, had another big party, as did Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Pope, whose guests included Mrs. Henry Martineau, Mr. George Mawdesley, a life member, and his wife, who were off to St. Moritz for Christmas, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham Gosbett.

Mrs. Pope, who was honorary secretary of this very good ball, for which over four hundred tickets were sold, looked charming in a short black velvet dress with bands of Chantilly lace; she and her husband were also off to St. Moritz for Christmas, and were hoping that their son Victor, who is now in the Life Guards, would be a member of the Army Cresta team for the Inter-Services Championships this month.

The Canadian rider Mr. Douglas Connor, the present champion and



Mrs. M. A. Dunne, ball organizer, and Sir Robert Throckmorton



Mr. Adrian Beecham and Miss Diana Bull watching from the stairs



Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted were enjoying themselves

holder of the record from both Top and Junction, and his very attractive wife, were at the ball, and left a few days later for Christmas in St. Moritz, as did that great Cresta character from the U.S.A., Mr. Fairchilds MacCarthy, who came over from Paris for the event.

Others present included the Hon. J. Mitford, Mr. and Mrs. John Crammond, Mr. Serge Ovsievsky, Col. Pim, Sir Gawaine Baillie, Mr. Keith Schellenberg (who both had big parties), Lt.-Col. Jeans and Mr. T. R. Basset.

Although I could not be present at the Cresta Ball, which is held annually in London, I hope to be in St. Moritz for the annual Cresta Ball held there next month. This takes place at the Palace Hotel on February 16, which means that visitors can also see the racing on the Cresta Run for the Morgan Cup on February 15, and possibly some will stay on, as I hope to, for the Grand National on February 22, which, like the Morgan Cup, will be run from Top this year.

★ ★ ★

EVERYONE was in a merry mood at the opening of the American comedy, *Mrs. Gibbons' Boys* at the Westminster Theatre, which aroused great laughter in the audience. Among those present were the Duchess of Argyll, who, with the Duke, spent Christmas in London. They were giving a most delightful Christmas night party to about thirty friends in their Grosvenor Street house, and a few days later going up to Inveraray so that the Duke could see the New Year in on his native soil. Lord and Lady Melchett were at this first night, also Mr. Cecil Madden, Julia Arnall, Sophie Stewart, Heather Thatcher, Henry Kendall and Hermione Baddeley.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to the Dorchester for a short while during the annual Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Ball, and found Nicholas Parsons giving a very good cabaret. There were over three hundred guests present and it was as always a great reunion among friends from these three great Catholic schools. There were many big family parties. Lady Agnes Eyston was there with her children, and Lord Pakenham had a large party, as did Capt. Maurice French and Miss Lavinia French, who were both on the committee; Sir David Reynolds, Miss Monica Smyth and Mr. Donald Pickard.

I met Lady Reay and Mr. John Causton, who had been working hard at the tombola, which had nearly sold out when I was there. Others supporting the dance, the proceeds of which will be devoted jointly to the Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Scholarship funds, were Mr. Peter French-Davies, Miss Shelagh O'Brien, Miss Sheelagh Barry, Mr. Michael Boyle and Miss Patience Storey, who was the very efficient secretary of the dance this year.

★ ★ ★

LADY SWINFEN is the chairman of L'Entente Cordiale dinner dance, which is to take place at the Café de Paris on January 28. It is in aid of the British Sailors Society, and promises to be an amusing evening. Miss Wendy Raphael is chairman of the Junior Committee, and others taking an interest in making the event a very successful one are the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, who is Vice-Chairman, Lord Strathcarron, the Honorary Treasurer, Lady Kilmarnock, Lady Prichard Jones, Lady Ogilvy, Lord Inverclyde, and the Hon. Mrs. Suenson-Taylor. Tickets from Miss Betty Nisbet, British Sailors Society, 36 Kings Road, S.W.3.



Mr. Richard Creese-Parsons, Miss Dorothy Eyre,
Miss Felicity d'Abreu and Mr. Robert Gardiner



A. V. Swaabe

The Warwickshire Hunt Ball was held at the beautiful old home of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt., at Coughton Hall. It had a seasonally festive air with pink jackets glowing beneath the chandeliers. Above, Mr. Brian Harper, Miss Anne Manley and Miss Diana Mason

Miss D. Butters, Mr. J. Relph, Mr. T. Wickham and Miss A. Drummond

Lady Throckmorton, Sir Evelyn Broughton, the Hon. Mrs. R. Mostyn



Miss Vanessa Nicholl, Mr. J. Dennis
and Mrs. Humphrey Swire



The Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer
were in conversation



Desmond O'Neill

GOLF BALL IN MAYFAIR

MANY well-known golfers attended the 1956 Golf Ball in aid of the Golf Foundation at the Dorchester. Famous professionals ran the putting green and chipping net. Above, Mr. Patrick Barber and Miss Anne Honeyball putting

Miss Angela Ward and Mr. H. Douglas, Oxford captain

Mr. Hugh Cubitt watching the gaiety with Miss C. Michell



Col. and Mrs. A. A. Duncan trying the tombola



Mrs. Agate sells a programme to Mr. Jeffrey Agate



Mr. T. Hallerton and Mrs. Hallerton mark scores



Mr. Henry Cotton, Mrs. E. M. Thomson, Mr. T. Scott



Mr. Dennis Foot and Mrs. Foot at the chipping nets

A DANCE IN SURREY

STUDENTS of many different nationalities at Paddock Wood finishing school attended a ball given by their Principal, Mrs. Stewart Savill, at The Pantiles, Bagshot, where they and their escorts danced in a most attractive timbered ballroom



Mr. Charles Hale, Miss Susan Sutcliffe, Mrs. Stewart Savill, Mr. David Eccles and Miss Judy Davidson

Miss Claire Nicholls and Mr. Henry Melville Calder

Miss Christine Maistriau and Mr. Allan Abbot-Anderson



Miss A. Duncan, Mr. David Stubbs, Mr. Fane Boothe, Miss Z. Lakha, Mr. Peter Crofton-Atkins and Miss S. Al-Tai

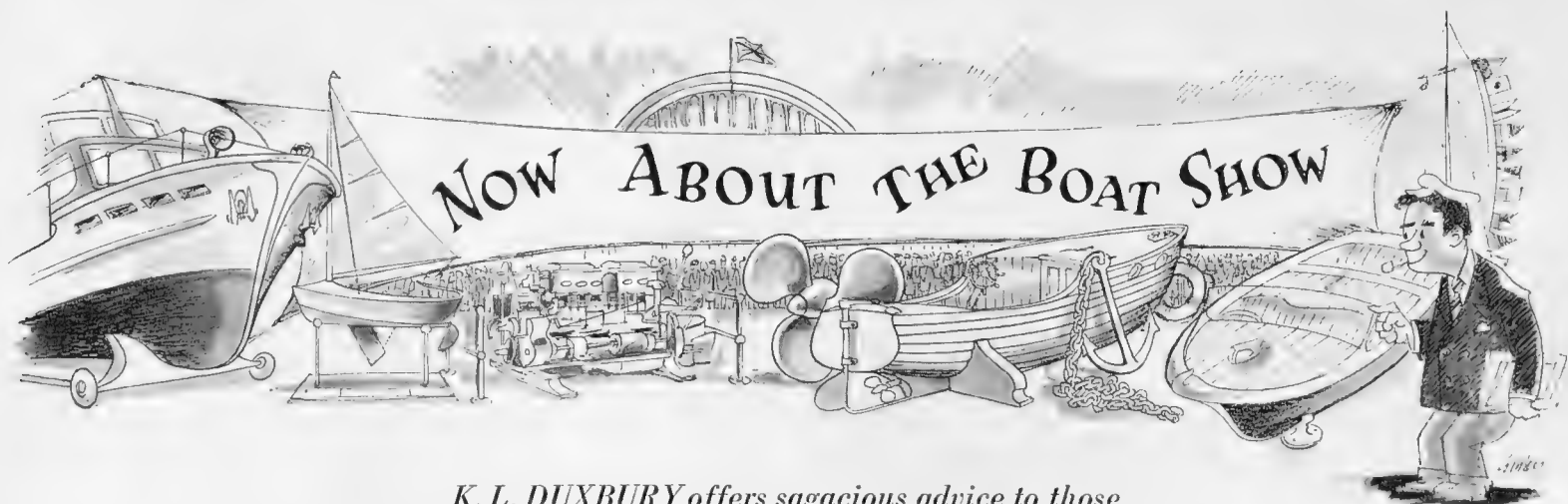
Miss Iselin Storm Nielsen, Mr. John Irvine, Miss Gerd Ioa Hartman and Mr. John Dobson



Miss Phyllis Arnold partnered by Mr. Sam Osmond

Miss Nicole Bufourcet with Mr. Eric Hale-Woods

Miss M. Callaghan, Miss L. Dundas of Dundas, Miss P. Dutton-Pegram, Mr. Val Savill and Mr. Guy Howard



K. L. DUXBURY offers sagacious advice to those making the rounds of the Third International Boat Show at Olympia, which opened yesterday

THE schism effected among the commercial seagoing fraternity with the advent of the marine engine was understandable, and due to the diehard attitude of the doomed sailing master opposed to the progressive zeal of the fanatical seagoing mechanic. Human nature does not change, and today, when sailing is indulged in solely as a sport, that rift is still as deep as the common ocean on which each plies his craft.

At the Boat Show, which has just opened its doors, both schools of thought are well catered for. This exhibition is the third of its kind and the tremendous success of the two previous shows will now, I hope, have firmly fixed it on the Olympic calendar of events. It occurred to me last year as I tacked from stand to stand that—purely from the presentation angle—power had an advantage over sail. An engine is in its element mounted on a pedestal, polished and gleaming under the arc lamps: a sail is not, and the slightly creased and lifeless yachts' canvas hanging in the doldrums of that vast hall appeared as out of place as a sou'wester at the opera. Let us not forget as we shoulder our way from exhibit to gleaming exhibit that the whole lot are very much out of their element, which is wind and water, and these are exacting elements indeed.

To the small boat sailor who is now thinking in terms of three-tonners and upwards, whether sail or power, I would say this:

these larger craft are really expected to put to sea occasionally and not remain within a cable's length of the yacht club, and a ship approaches the basic essentials more and more the longer she stays at sea. By the third day (or alternatively by force six) she is reduced below to a fairly dry box in which food can be obtained, and if possible consumed. Every task at sea, no matter how simple, demands just about twice the physical effort normally required; the rest of one's strength is spent in preserving skin and bone.

So, as you climb into your mains-illuminated dream ship at the show, try to imagine her under seagoing conditions. Those locker doors: are they fitted with cute little ball-bearing catches which wait until the moment of maximum heel before precipitating the contents far and wide? And that galley recess: is the wooden deckhead more than 2 ft. 6 in. above the hotplate, and is it lagged? When the beans and tomato soup go down the back of the stove—and they will—do they stay there or can the whole assembly be removed with ease for cleaning? Have a good look at the bottom end of that guaranteed non-choke bilge pump. See if you can get at it when it chokes without doing a Canute while the after part of the boat is dismantled to clear the "elephant's foot." Cloacal-pump-phobia is a designer's disease: make sure



"See if the builder . . . can get the bottom boards back again"



"Is the deckhead more than 2 ft. 6 in. above the hotplate?"

you can work the thing right-handed with normal wrist and elbow, and if it discharges into the self-draining cockpit see that the cockpit doesn't drain into the bilge. Yes, I even had this to cope with once!

If you can, surreptitiously remove all those bottom boards and see if the builder or his representative can get them back again, for it's odds-on the owner never will. And see that the legs provided for the smaller craft are fitted with flat shoe blocks at the base. If not, have these fitted before ever taking the ground no matter how vehemently your gallant harbourmaster assures you of the firmness of his harbour bed. Navigation lamps, if oil, should burn from dusk until dawn and not expire at that hour when the human spirit is at its lowest ebb, and remember that everything electrical in a boat is suspect; amps and salt water have an agreement with the Devil and are best kept far apart.

As for the tender; if one is to grope below in Stygian gloom when it is stowed over the cabin skylight for sea, go take a look at the range of excellent small canvas folding dinghies which can be lashed flat alongside the coachroof. They are the answer for a small yacht tender and although they don't look it, are in fact very seaworthy.

The keynote in a seagoing craft should be simplicity and efficiency. My personal opinion is that any type of mechanical heads in a craft under eight tons is a nuisance. If it can be out of sight and mind when not in use, by all means fit it, but I don't like living with the thing.

REMEMBER, a fair wind is a godsend, but failing that (which means 99 per cent of the time) an auxiliary is essential unless that weekend sail can, with impunity, be extended to a week. A reliable engine is one that will look after you even though you seldom look after it; and doesn't make its presence felt too much.

Concerning the smaller dayboats, for sheer bowel-shaking fun there is really nothing to beat dinghy-sailing, and ten knots on the water in a "Dry Fly" sliding seater, chinese gybe thrown in, will provide more thrills than a hundred miles per hour ashore. There is now such a variety of design, construction and rig that the buyer may choose his sailing dinghy almost as a woman chooses a hat; to suit his temperament. It's no use ogling that sailing canoe unless you are virtually a ballet dancer, while supple youth will probably not fully appreciate the excellent qualities of, say, the 18-ft. jollyboat, which was designed with the Elder Brethren in mind who, nevertheless, like speed and plenty of it.

Nearly all dinghies may be fitted with a portable outboard; they are great fun and invaluable for calm-day cruising, fishing, etc. But they are impish things and should never be taken quite seriously. I remember watching a large man in a small dinghy who, having cast off in a strong tideway, turned to start his outboard. His slowly diminishing image as he receded from the landing stage, and the increasing agitation of his movements waxed eloquent of trouble. It was a seizure I believe; at any rate his paralysed right hand still rigidly clutched the starting lanyard when they removed him from the boat some two miles downstream. The engine started first pull for the return journey!

LET us look forward to seeing again much of interest to the canoeing fraternity. I have done many hundreds of miles in a Tyne sports single-seater collapsible, much of it across open sea, and for seaworthiness, simplicity of construction and ease of assembly and dismantling, I know of none to beat them.

In these latitudes, warm waterproof clothing is a problem. To be dry and warm is to have half the battle won, and I shall search the various stands for a suit of oilskins which prevent the water not only getting down the neck, but also up the trouser legs, sleeves, and through that accursed flap vent at the back which, according to the makers, is essential for the body to "breathe" correctly. He who wants to breathe anywhere but through the nose shouldn't be at sea in any case; how often have I cursed that airhole! With regard to keeping the feet dry, seaboots are of course the answer, but remember if you go overboard in a pair of full-lengthers you're practically doomed, for you won't shake them off this side the Great Blaze. Better are the half-lengthers, but best of all, if you can stand it, is nothing at all, or plimsolls. It is a matter of weighing up safety or comfort.

So be it. Whether your aquatic inclinations lie in the Britannia or coracle class you will find much of interest at this Show. All credit to the Ship and Boatbuilders National Federation who organize it, and to the *Daily Express* by whom it is sponsored.



"Make sure you can get at the bilge pump if it chokes"



"... much of interest to the canoeing fraternity"



"They should never be taken quite seriously"



"Darling, come LOOK. He's walking!"

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

IT is Leap Year no longer, and I suppose that it behoves any public diarist, in the course of recording the fact, to make some arch reference to bachelors heaving sighs of relief, and to eager spinsters resting their pursuit-muscles in disappointment, as newly successful brides relax theirs in honeymoon suites.

While always ready to perform my public duty in these matters, I take leave to doubt whether the old Leap Year custom is more honoured these days, or ever has been, in the observance than in the breach—and I have always wondered, anyway, whether it was all the Leap Year round, or only on February 29 (perhaps, even, only before noon, as on All Fools' Day), that women were permitted to pop their pretty question. We have all been convinced, anyway, if only since Shaw's

time, that even on the other 365 days in the year, and in the other years of the century, it is the women who make the decision, whoever may make the proposal.

One of those reference books that are the standby and salvation of hard-pressed journalists tells me that the penalty for refusing a lady's proposal is to buy her a silk gown (would nylon do now, I wonder?) and that although the origin of the custom is lost in the mists of time, there is a Scottish law of 1288 that ordains that, "for ilke year known as lepe year, olk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she like, albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of ane pundis or less, as his estait may be. . . ."

A little too apt a quotation to be genuine, if you ask me.

This is the time of year when we are still trying to get used to our new diaries and engagement books. I shall never get used to my own, even though it must be getting on for ten years now since I bought one of those handsome, leather-bound, loose-leaf waistcoat-pocket pieces turned out by Hermès of the rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

PUNCTILIOUSLY, each year, I spend more than I ought to afford on the set of four refills for the same calf cover—one for each *trimestre*, because it is a page-to-a-day engagement book and a whole year at once would be too bulky for the elegant beings, like myself, who shop at Hermès—and I have never yet found my way about

the rum French saints' names that head each page (Arsène, and Eudes, and Achille), or learned to remember, looking at the year's calendar in front, which "M" stands for Tuesday and which for Wednesday.

Worst of all, considering how much time and money and effort were spent on teaching me French, I still miss or muddle engagements owing to a life-long inability to distinguish between *vendredi* and *mercredi*. Those friends who know me best play safe by restricting their invitations to Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and weekends.

★ ★ ★

ALL of which reminds me, of course, that another obligation that the date imposes upon me is some jesting reference to New Year resolutions, and how brief, although how beautiful, their lives. I must admit that I cannot recall that I have ever kept a resolution made upon any New Year's Day (least of all, the oft-repeated resolution to keep a diary: the only diary I have ever kept you are now reading).

Indeed, the only resolution that I can refer to proudly as having been made and kept is the one (like everyone else's) to stop smoking, which came upon me between waking-up and breakfast-time on the morning of Cup Final Day, 1954, and has been kept ever since, which is getting on for three years.

MY previous record in this matter was something like twenty minutes, and the only moral I can draw is that it is on Cup Final Day, and not on the glad New Year, that one should firmly resolve to be kind to one's wife (or obedient to one's husband, as the case may be), submissive to one's superiors and generous to one's staff; to read at last, right through, Proust, *War And Peace*, Gibbon's *Decline And Fall* and *Finnegans Wake*; to increase one's subscriptions to charity, and to refuse second helpings.

Adding, perhaps, the day being what it is, the resolution never again to waste one's valuable time by attending the Cup Final—a very easy resolution to keep in my case, for I take no great pleasure in watching football matches, whether Rugby



Angus McBean

TOM TITT, whose cartoons have been a familiar feature of The TATLER for nearly thirty years, died recently after several months' illness. He arrived in England from Central Europe to study art in 1907, and published his first caricature in 1910. In 1913 he held an exhibition at the Dore Galleries, after which his work appeared in almost every magazine and paper in London. His style, in which exact observation mingled with a rich strain of elfin fantasy, was unique, and remained so in spite of being prophetic of a school of caricature which flourishes today. His name will be long remembered as a brilliant, yet always kindly delineator of a generation of London's actors and actresses in the pages of this journal

or Association, amateur or professional, and the only reason that I remember that it was Cup Final Day when I finally conquered the demon Nicotine is that I had been sent to Wembley by my paper to write about the scene, the only highlights in which that I can now remember being that the mounted police carry bags of oats at their saddle-bow on occasions like these—it's a tough day for horses—and that an aeroplane flew over the ground trailing an advertisement for headache powders.

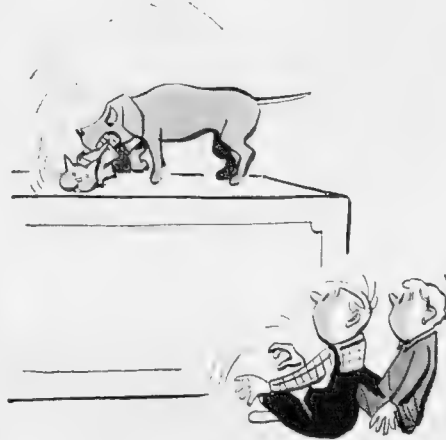
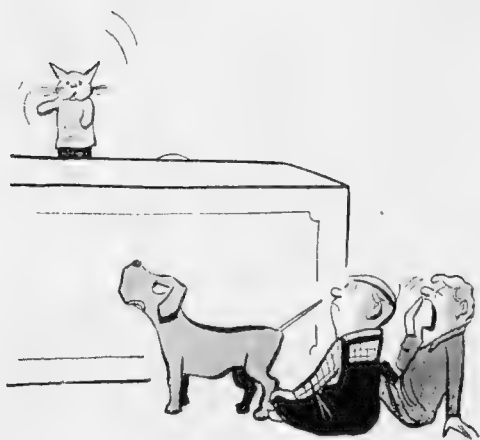
AUTHORITY moved only just in time to qualify for the anonymous £20,000 given to remove the old, and construct the new bridge over the St. James's Park lake—provided work began before the end of 1956. The first turf must have been cut with only about three weeks to spare.

Presumably, the donor's date was hit upon so as to ensure that the new bridge would be completed in the old bridge's centenary year. For the suspension bridge dates from 1857, and I doubt whether it would ever have inspired the affection that it does through any aesthetic merits of its own: what makes it dear to every Londoner and every visitor is its two magnificent views, which the new one will still command: the one towards the fairy pinnacles of Whitehall Court, the other towards what used to be known in Victoria's day as "the Queen's house in Pimlico," a title that always appeals to me more than that phrase over-familiar on the lips of what we used to call in Lancashire the la-di-da: "Buck House."

NOR only the views, but also that absurd, endearing feathered pantomime that goes on, endlessly, below. Here, on the grass verge, young drakes saunter, as ridiculously pleased with themselves as the young rakes on the bridge above, elegantly passing from club to ministry or ministry to club; there, a pretty duck preens and prinks her feathers, with just the same turn of the head as the girl leaning on the railings above, as she powders her nose, or pats her hair.

Fleets and flotillas of gawky geese plough the main in line ahead; a coot cackles away just as so many other bald-headed old bores do in the House, or in the smoking-room. There is, in fact, a sardonic touch of mockery or parody about all the strutting and posing and speech-making, and it holds many a stiff-collared young man spellbound on the bridge when he ought to be hurrying to his desk in Tothill Street or Victoria, and many a pretty girl who ought to be behind her counter or modelling her frocks in Bond Street. And sometimes, of course, the stiff-collared young man and the pretty girl meet on the bridge and stay a while: I hope the new bridge is as auspicious as the old to young love.

BRIGGS by Graham





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JANUARY 2,
1957
14*

PARTY AT FAMOUS CLUB

AT the Constitutional Club's Christmas party, Mr. Iain Macleod, M.P., deputized for Sir Anthony Eden as guest of honour. Above, Col. H. C. Joel, Viscountess Kilmuir, Mr. E. R. G. Heath, M.P., and Miss P. Hornsby-Smith, M.P.



Mrs. N. Tremellen, Sir Gilbert Davis, Bt., the industrialist, and Lady Davis

Viscountess Kilmuir with the political committee's deputy chairman, Mr. A. N. Dove, and Mrs. Dove



Mr. J. K. Chmel, a guest from Toronto, with Lord and Lady Mancroft



Mrs. Macleod, the Rt. Hon. I. Macleod, Minister of Labour, and Col. Joel

Clayton Evans



HOWARD GOSSET

A MAN OF ACTION GUARDS THE DEFENCES OF THE COUNTRY

THE RT. HON. ANTONY HEAD, P.C., C.B.E., M.C., M.P., was recently appointed Minister of Defence, before which he was the Secretary of State for War. Since 1945 he has been the Conservative Member for the Carshalton Division of Surrey. Before that he served with the Guards Armoured Division and with the Directors of Plans for Amphibious Operations. In 1935 he married Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, and they have two sons and a daughter, who came out in 1956

Priscilla in Paris

A NEW YEAR BÊTE NOIRE

OH, to be in England while the New Year's here . . . if I may be permitted to mis-quote.

I can become positively maudlin over Christmas, even when it is called *la Noël*, but the fuss that is made over *la Nouvelle Année* leaves me cold, or damp, as the case may be. This year dampness prevails. In England one may reasonably expect to close down and recuperate after Boxing Day. New Year celebrations do not impose the same obligations as in France. For instance, one is not tempted to start over-eating all over again. In England one can quietly recover from the excesses of Christmas even before the New Year starts but in Paris the *Réveillon* of *Saint-Sylvestre* on December 31 brings its luscious cortège of oysters, *boudin blanc*, truffled poultry, *pâté de foie gras*, *marrons glacés* and other *mignardises*. Not so heavy to digest perhaps as turkey, pudding and mince pie but far, far more bilious-making, which is infinitely worse!

It is as well that the duty-visits to distant relatives which, under pain of family ostracism, must be paid in the early days of January, come to the aid of my French acquaintances now suffering from "crisis-of-the-liver"; distant relatives have a way of living in distant parts and, thanks to petrol shortage, they are taking plenty of exercise.

THERE has been the usual theatrical rush-to-produce before Christmas which has meant a spate of new plays during the last three weeks, not all of which will still be running by Twelfth Night! I have only seen one of them but, such is my great luck, it is the one that will last, probably, as long as the visiting and enchanting leading lady deigns to remain with us. Paris clings to the fact that she is known to have declared that "her dream is to live here," but that, of course, is what every polite visitor says.

The play is *Thé et Sympathie*, adapted by Roger-Ferdinand from the English—or does one say American?—of Robert Anderson. Not a play that makes much of itself in French. It is the story of a youth who is in love with his tutor's wife and because the role of the wife is played by Ingrid Bergman there were moments when we sat back in our seats and swallowed hard. This is not only because Ingrid Bergman is a beautiful woman and a very fine actress; it is because of her extraordinary and convincing sincerity that she hits a bull's eye bang in the middle of our heart.

ALTOGETHER a vastly pleasant evening. The *Théâtre de Paris* with its spacious foyer is one of the most comfortable theatres in a town where, most regrettably, playgoers often have the impression that they are taken for sardines and housed accordingly. Because of this foyer, where they can peacock to advantage, our lovelies wear their loveliest frocks, which is always agreeable even for those of us who remain faithful to "the little black number" and are present to see rather than be seen!

There were more theatrical and film stars than usual at this *répétition générale* and they formed a curiously conjugal—or near conjugal—crowd. Everybody arrived in pairs. This may not be good grammar but it is sound arithmetic. Zizi Jeanmaire and her husband Roland Petit, Marie Bell and Jean Chevrier, Toto Barreyre, who has just been awarded the *Légion d'honneur* for his many services to literature, and his enchanting Tototte, Robert Kemp of the *Académie Française* and his lovely Yette of the pale, honey coloured hair, M. and Mme. André Maurois, the Steve Passeurs . . . and Renée Passeur was, for once, without one of her milliner's latest efforts which made me particularly happy, for I was sitting behind her!

Tirez, tirez . . .

• From Jean Anouilh's new play "*Bûtes, ou le Dîner de Têtes*"; "They all ought to be shot; starting with the journalists."



MARTINE CAROL, whose charms are as well known and popular on this side of the Channel as they are in her native France, is seen in "Mistress du Barry" as Jeanne Rancon, a beautiful young lace-seller, who eventually becomes the famous paramour of Louis XV, played by Andre Luguet (below). The film, which was produced by M. Christian-Jaque, with script by M. Albert Valentin, opened at the Cameo-Poly recently





ON HOLIDAY IN THE ALPS

PHYLLIDA FRANKS, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raynald Franks, of Colney, Norfolk, is seen on the Männlichen during her winter holiday at Wengen. Like many English children, she is learning to ski at an early age and to enjoy the thrills and spills of winter sports

At the Theatre

A SUPERIOR WHODUNIT

IHESITATE to describe the new play at the Aldwych as a whodunit. That no doubt is how the authors, Dorothy and Campbell Christie, would be quite happy to have it described. *The Touch Of Fear*, all the same, is really something better than the whodunit proper which aims simply, and often successfully, at manipulating utterly unreal dialogue, characters and situations to an arbitrary and surprising *dénouement*.

The emotional situation which the authors of *His Excellency* and *Carrington, V.C.* present is literally true to life and interesting in itself. Young Michael Stanham is still, at twenty-seven, as afraid of his father as he has always been. The old man, embittered by the flitting of his second wife, never loses a chance to prove to her son that he is a man who must be obeyed. The son, living with his wife in a lodge on his father's estate, resents the tyranny, but has not the willpower to break it. He hates himself for his weakness, and it is very like him to compensate for his own loss of self-respect by knocking out a fellow guest at a cocktail party.

One explanation of this incident would be an undue interest in the good-looking governess he claimed to be protecting from insult. His worried little wife is perfectly sure that the explanation goes much deeper than jealousy. His father's oppressiveness is slowly driving Michael round the bend.

SHE and the local doctor discuss what can be done about it. They don't get very far. Of course, he ought to stand up for himself, but he happens to be wholly dependent on his oppressor. He might throw up his job in the family firm and cut a way for himself in the world; but Michael, alas, is not made of heroic stuff. He will protest; he will sulk; but he will obey.



"THE TOUCH OF FEAR" (Aldwych Theatre). Nicholas Hannen (right) is a father in the old Victorian tradition, adamantly certain of his own opinion and the worthlessness of his son's merit. The young man (Bryan Forbes) is painfully aware of his own weakness and attempts, by shows of paper-thin bravado, to demonstrate that he is twice the man he is. Jill Bennett is his ever suffering wife, a barrier between father and son. Drawings by Emmwood



Colin Gordon (on left) appears to be a benevolently close relation of Gilbert Harding as the cynical doctor, while Victor Maddern's gardener looks as though he has just come from Suez

There is a good scene between Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Mr. Bryan Forbes which shows exactly how their relations work. With beetling eyebrows Mr. Hannen exhibits the old man's furtive pleasure in bending the boy to his will; with touchy exhibitionism Mr. Forbes struggles in vain to make good his angry claim to do what he wishes to do; and, as usual, the worried little wife has to come in to act as a rear guard to cover his ignominious retreat. The family predicament is presented so plausibly and its dramatic possibilities are so promising that we cannot help feeling it is rather a pity that a good play must turn into a whodunit. No wonder that Miss Agatha Christie takes such good care not to rouse her audience's interest in any sort of human situation. We have to make the best of it. The good-looking governess has been found throttled in the summer house. The police have been called in and of course they want to know who did it.

BUT the authors realize that they have made us curious to watch the untying of the emotional tangle between Michael and his father and Michael and his wife, and while going about the necessary business of unravelling the crime they do what they can to satisfy this curiosity. They have, for instance, the happy idea of keeping all the police interrogation firmly off stage and only permitting the policeman an appearance at the end.

That a great many questions are being asked we know: at intervals those who have to face them stagger in limp and bewildered from yet another unexpected ordeal. It is a relief, for once, to be spared attendance on these ordeals. We merely study the effect on the nerves of those who have been put through it again and again. But they all breathlessly ask each other questions, and through them we get quite a good idea of the play that an unfortunate incident interrupted. Thus it turns out, after all, a thoroughly enjoyable evening. It is extremely well played by all concerned, by Mr. Hannen and Mr. Forbes as father and son, by Miss Jill Bennett as the son's charming little wife, by Mr. Colin Gordon as the crisply cynical doctor, by Miss Gwynne Whitby as Aunt Brenda and by Mr. Victor Maddern as the wife-oppressed gardener. Whichever of them did it, he or she can at least produce reasons that are in character, and for at least two acts out of three the emotional predicament holds its own against the lesser question which has in the end to force itself to the front.

—Anthony Cookman



Angus McBean

The heroine of a roisterous Restoration comedy

JOAN PLOWRIGHT is now appearing as Mrs. Margery Pinchwife in William Wycherley's satirical and bawdy comedy "The Country Wife," which is having a sparkling revival at the Royal Court Theatre. Miss Plowright portrays with wit and charm a young wife who, brought up in rusticity, gradually learns the pleasures and deceptions of the town, while her husband, played by George Devine, finds his wiles to keep his pretty wife from rakes have failed



A SCOTS WEDDING IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

THE marriage took place of Capt. Owen Varney, the Scots Guards, to Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride and bridegroom (above) with three of the little girl attendants, Caroline Smyth, Ann Manningham-Buller and Sarah Whitbread

Sarah Whitbread, a bridal attendant, and James Hugonin, one of the pages



Sally Lindesay-Bethune, the bride's niece, examines Hew Blair's sword with caution





Miss Anne Abel Smith, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith and Mrs. Geoffrey Shaw

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
JANUARY 2
1957
21*



Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, Mrs. Corrye and Mr. Hugh Corrye



Mr. John Richardson talking to Miss Rose Lycett-Green



Mrs. William Weatherall, Mr. John Burbidge and Mrs. Burbidge

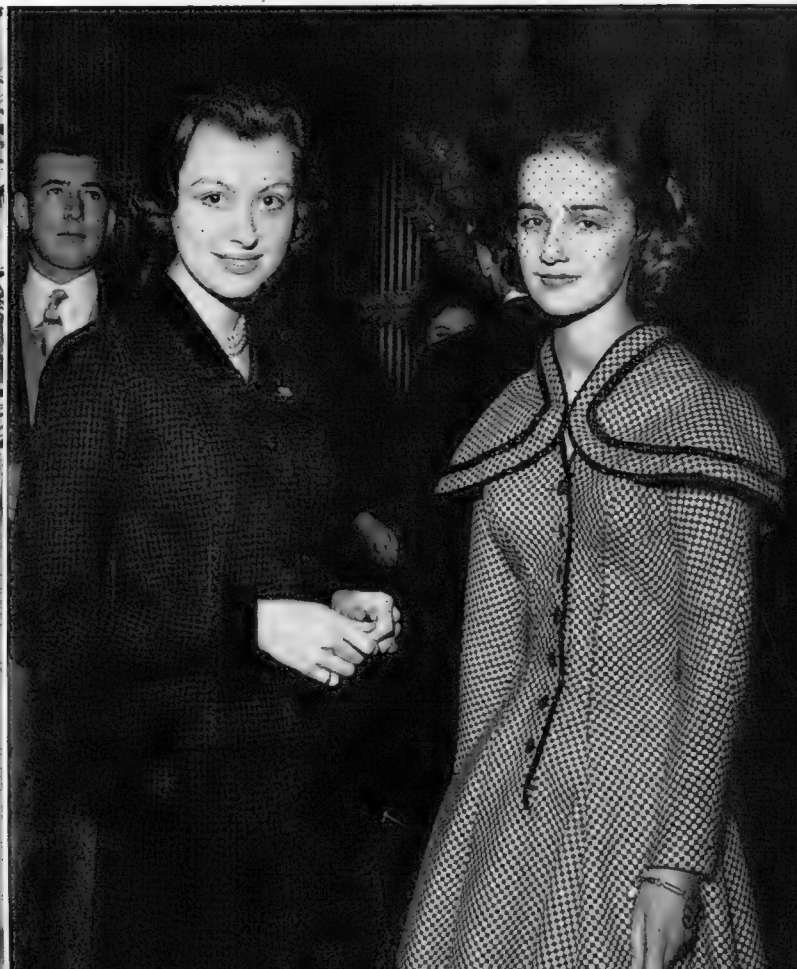


Mr. John Mowbray and his fiancée Miss Lavinia Hugonin

Desmond O'Neill

The Earl and Countess of Lindsay, and Mrs. E. I. Varney, parents of the bride and bridegroom

Mrs. Michael Colvin and Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling were two other guests at the wedding





JACK HAWKINS is once more a man of action in *The Man In The Sky*, in which he plays a test pilot. The film tells of danger and suspense in the air. Elizabeth Sellars (below) takes the part of the pilot's wife, tortured by anxiety for her husband as he tests a new machine



At the Pictures

A CHRONICLE-FILM OF LIFE IN TEXAS

THE late Mr. James Dean died, at the age of twenty-three, shortly after the completion of his third film—*Giant*: millions of teenage fans mourned him (and still do) with an extravagance bordering upon the hysterical and the morbid, and even we, whom the years have taught restraint, grieved in our quiet way over the golden lad so untimely come to dust. He might, one felt, have taken his place among the greatest actors of the screen—though one had only his performances in *East Of Eden* and *Rebel Without A Cause* on which to base one's judgment.

In both these films he was perplexed adolescence incarnate—a boy hungry for love and made moody and violent by the lack of it, a boy, bewildered by life, seeking from inadequate adults the answer to a question he could not even frame. He wore the rose of youth upon him—and perfectly it became him. For *Giant*, Mr. Dean was required to put on middle-age: it does not suit him half so well.

Mr. George Stevens's finely directed but over-long (three hours and twenty minutes) screen version of Miss Edna Ferber's novel covers thirty years in the lives of a Texan family, the Benedicts, and their neighbours. Miss Elizabeth Taylor plays Leslie, a spirited belle from green and gracious Maryland, who marries the rich and handsome Bick Benedict (Mr. Rock Hudson) and comes to live with him in Texas. He is a dedicated cattle man—though what his beasts find to graze upon is a mystery to me, for on his half-million acre ranch dust-devils and the ghostly tumbleweed gambol over bare, scorched, brick-red earth and there's not a blade of grass to be seen.

Luz Benedict, Miss Taylor's arrogant and prickly sister-in-law, is played by Miss Mercedes McCambridge, and Mr. Dean is Jett, a hired hand—an inarticulate, furtive and vaguely unpleasant character who, one gathers, has always resented the proud Benedicts. When Luz is killed (deservedly, all horse-lovers will agree) in a riding accident, it is discovered that she has bequeathed to Jett a small piece of Benedict land. Bick offers to buy it from him at a good price, but Jett elects to hang on to it—and one day he strikes oil.

In the long years that follow, Jett becomes fabulously rich and dissolute, while Bick has nothing but domestic shocks coming to him: his son, defying local prejudice, marries a Mexican-girl, his elder daughter marries an oafish young rancher and leaves home, and his younger daughter (Miss Carroll Baker—a charming girl) falls for Jett, who is old enough to be her father. Her infatuation is cured when Jett drunkenly disgraces himself at a tremendous party where the cream of Texas society is gathered to do him honour—how those Texans do admire money, to be sure!—and Bick, perhaps a mite disgusted with Texan ways, ensures the lasting affection and respect of his wife and his son by taking the side of his Mexican daughter-in-law in the battle against racial discrimination.

MISS TAYLOR and Mr. Hudson, under Mr. Stevens's direction, give excellent performances and mature credibly: credibly, that is, within the convention of Hollywood epics. From Mr. Dean we had come to expect a profoundly naturalistic style of acting—and he obviously struggled to give us what we expected: he (and the make-up department and wardrobe) must be given full credit for a good try—but the fact is his debauched, fiftyish multi-millionaire is just a kid (crazy, mixed-up) pretending to



MACHIKO KYO and Glenn Ford in *The Teahouse Of The August Moon*, M-G-M's film of the enchanting play which has run for so long in London and New York. Below, Marlon Brando, in the same comedy, departs from his usual smouldering roles

be a man. It is possible that I wrong Mr. Stevens in not believing this was his subtle, ironic intention.

That there is irony in the film is true: the burial, with full military honours, of a young Mexican soldier from the Benedict estate makes it clear that the Lone Star State permits Mexicans to die, though not to live, on equal terms with Texans, and the diamond studded senator-attended party for Jett sharply reveals that democracy takes a back seat when plutocracy steps out. But as far as Mr. Dean is concerned I can only feel that he was given a task that was beyond him. Perhaps he was never meant to achieve middle-age: for me—in this film as in life—he never did.

RARELY has a documentary film of a great event been so disappointing as *Melbourne Olympiad*. Indifferently photographed in blurred black and white, it has a semi-facetious commentary of the heartiest newsreel type, utterly unworthy of the occasion. If the flame in the Olympic Cauldron had not been quenched, I would suggest this curdling piece of celluloid be thrown into it and frazzled forthwith.

The story of *Mistress Du Barry*—the young person who cheered the declining years of Louis XV—has been filmed by M. Christian-Jacque with Mlle. Martine Carol in the title role. The producer does not take history too seriously—neither does the star. Though her fate is that of so many treaties ("Never respected, always violated"), Mlle. Carol, as the shop girl elevated to the king's bedchamber, accepts everything in a commendably gay and practical fashion and is clearly innocent at heart. The English sub-titles tone down the raciness of the French dialogue, but have not disarmed the censor—who has primly awarded the picture an "X" certificate.

—Elsbeth Grant



FINISTERRE, an outstanding yacht in American waters, and winner of the 1956 Bermuda race. Mr. Carleton Mitchell is the owner of this beautifully laid out and comfortable cruising yawl. A photograph in "Yachting World Annual, 1957" (Iliffe, 35s.), from which the drawing below is also taken

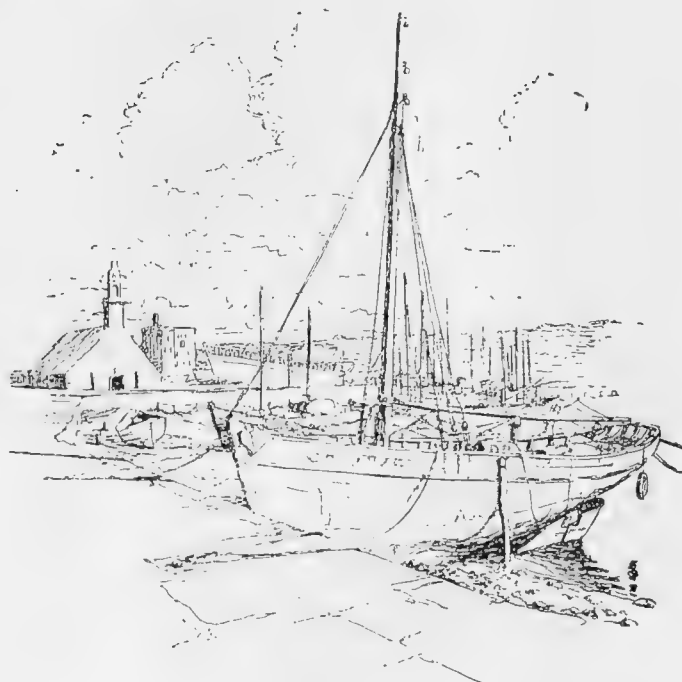
Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen



GUIDE TO THE FUTURE, FOR THOSE SETTING OUT



HAPPY in your work? Tony Gibson's **Jobs And Careers** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is addressed to those who intend to be so. The teenager, with a dazzling future to make, the adult who suspects that he might do better will, alike, react to this "practical guide to the working world." Sir John Wolfenden, C.B.E., who contributes the foreword, finds that the author has taken an excellent middle course between over-glamorization on the one hand and too-informative stodginess on the other. Result: "a book which every intelligent boy and girl will enjoy reading—and every intelligent parent, too."

A career is, rightly, shown as a big adventure. Nor does Mr. Gibson's survey restrict the field. Small boys who aspire (if they still do?) to become engine-drivers will find "On the Footplate" not too discouraging. Under the section headed "Savage Enjoyment," coal mining is listed, and later, the book concludes with work in a fishing fleet—though, "of all jobs that offer," says Mr. Gibson, "this is about the toughest."

THOSE wedded to private enterprise might do worse, it seems, than become a cheapjack—or "barker." Powerful lungs, plus flair, are "musts" for this way of travelling market towns. Lorry driving has also been pointed out as a long-range way of getting around.

Do not fancy, however, that Mr. Gibson altogether favours toughness or roving. His remarks on the straight "professions" are worth having. Journalism, law, broadcasting, accountancy, librarianship come into the section called "Making Matters Plain." "Stubble and Stable" speaks to young would-be vets, discusses landwork and careers in stables, and does not overlook zoos. If your child sees the lion house as

his future sphere, let him ponder the paragraph on page 149: "Being a zoo-keeper should be liked for itself; it is unlikely to lead on to more responsible work." Is there more responsible work?—one might hardly think so.

A pleasing receptionist, Mr. Gibson shows, is in more senses than one in a good position. "You are in the public eye, and your quick-wittedness, as well as your charming manner, if either exist, will be noted much sooner than in most other jobs." This should, I'm sure, appeal.

I must stress that *Jobs And Careers* does not merely dangle a series of bright notions; it definitely tells how and where to go. False starts can, and should, be avoided by a good look round before you embark on anything. The book ends with a useful list of addresses—where to write to for information leaflets, where to present yourself for interviews. And each job has a sterling footnote: "qualifications."

★ ★ ★

MAURICE MOISEWITSCH'S *A Sky-Blue Life* (Heinemann, 15s.) is a new and exciting novel on cricket and cricketers. The scene is Australia, where an imaginary post-Hutton English Test team is faced with a second innings total of 473 runs to make in eight hours in order to win the match. Need one say that that challenge is taken up, and that the reader, in the role of spectator, is rendered all but sick with suspense and sunstroke.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch tells, however, a good deal more. We enter, in a series of intermissions, into the private lives of these spotlight stars—reft from their wives and several of them in the throes of local girl trouble. Actually, the cricket remains more interesting. Frictions and tensions between the players themselves are not understated—though not, again, overstressed. Driffield, the captain, a complex character, rightly holds much of the stage in *A Sky-Blue Life*.

★ ★ ★

BRIAN HILL, in compiling *Pleasure Garden* (Hart-Davis, 9s. 6d.), offers us a pungent, gay and original anthology. Verses, aphorisms, frolics and indiscretions have been culled (on the whole) from the lesser-known fields of literature; likes and dislikes, phobias and fantasies represent letter-writers off guard, or diarists at their merriest and least cautious. Beauty is present, too.

From the past comes this "Plea to His Wife" by Sir John Penham (1616-1669):

Prithee die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits or sharp replies.
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, repartie
To what I'm doing.

Pleasure Garden does well on the prose side, also. Pocket-size, it has an attractive format.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER original writer is John Symonds—not yet so well known as he may become, for ***The Bright Blue Sky*** (Chatto & Windus, 13s. 6d.) is only his second novel. Here, again, is a love story—and why not? Why should spring enjoy a monopoly in the tender passion? Mr. Symonds's young man—Richard Wilmhurst, a painter—is at a transitional stage between two attachments. We meet him, indeed, at the funeral of Anne, the young married woman whose death has ended the first phase of his love life—but, not far from the graveside is Mrs. Lovell, the rich and beautiful young widow who gives him a fleeting glance as she turns away.

Anne had been one of those girls who "married another." Her somewhat sinister husband, Edward Swan, had annoyed her father no less than he galled Richard—her early lover and thwarted suitor. It now appears that, even before Anne's death, Edward had been making the running with Mrs. Lovell. Yorkshire, a country neighbourhood and its mansions, is the scene of *The Bright Blue Sky*—though we have throwbacks to the London of years before, where Richard's student idyll with Anne began. Anne, indeed, though we watch her tombstone go up, is never dead but intensely living. And, in a strange way, Richard's enduring love for her seems to link with his growing feeling for Mrs. Lovell.

Mr. Symonds does, as you may infer, break with some sentimental conventions in this story (which is why I dare to call him original). In Richard, he shows us a man *not* fickle but, rather, with his own feeling for continuity. And, although outwardly this is a gentle novel, there is boldness in the character-drawing: the people (particularly Anne's father, Birrel) behave with an odd spontaneity—they belong far more to real life than to "orthodox" fiction. . . . *The Bright Blue Sky* is also rendered attractive by very vivid descriptions of rooms and houses.



ELLESTON TREVOR, who has published ten novels since 1950, is having his book, "The Big Pick-Up," filmed in the spring by Ealing. This novel, with "Squadron Airborne" and "The Killing Ground," has made up a trio of best sellers. His latest work "Gale Force" (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.) has recently been published. Mr. Trevor, his wife and son, live at Brighton

GETTING INTO GOOD

Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

ALL fashion depends mainly on line. The line may change or be modified, but no woman will do justice to beautiful clothes unless her figure is streamlined to match and to set them off to advantage. Happily the days of rigid "stays" are over, and foundation garments have become feather light, made in materials that are both lasting, very feminine and pretty



Far left: Basque corselet by Silhouette in nylon voile and nylon elastic, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup bra and zip front, trimmed with lace and pleated nylon, white only, 79s. 6d., at D. H. Evans in February. Left: Plunging back corselet by Warner. A wonderful new American model in white nylon marquisette trimmed with lace and elastic marquisette, 32-36B, 12 gns., at Harrods

SHAPE

Right: A long supple
corselet by J.B. in
elastic net which has
extra control intro-
duced by the stretch
of satin in front. The
corselet is in nylon mar-
quisette and has a
bow dipping back. It
comes in tea rose or
white, sizes 32-40,
price 77s. 9d., avail-
able at leading stores





The all-nylon girdle (right) by Au Fait has a two-tone front panel, and is made in black and white, small, medium and large, the curved waist ensuring comfort, 49s. 6d. Nylon ninon bra in black, white and pink, sizes 32-38, Au Fait, 21s. 6d. Both from Harvey Nichols. Left, Youthlines white corselet in nylon taffeta and elastic with detachable shoulder straps, 5 gns. at Swan and Edgar



Michel Molinaro

WITH all new changes in fashion, foundation garments must mould and adapt themselves to complement the new lines and styles and to provide the proper basis for the clothes. The boneless semi step-in Sarong Controlette by Berlei, above, has elastic net side panels and reinforced front to give extra control. It is most attractively trimmed with nylon lace and nylon satin sugar pink ribbon. It comes in all sizes from 34 to 40 and is obtainable at Marshall and Snelgrove, and Swan and Edgar, price 123s.

A GRACEFUL LINE FOR THE SPRING



HAND-EMBROIDERED cotton elastic net girdle (far left) by Caprice, a roll-on with controlling bands and a lightly boned high waist, white or black, 125s.; matching bra, 29s., Dickins and Jones. Right: Fantasie's nylon elastic net girdle with all nylon stitching, 69s. 6d., matching bra, 29s. 6d., at leading stores in February

The art of choosing a



YOUNG girl's bra and suspender belt on this page (left) by Kestos, in frilled nylon lace, belt, 35s., bra, 31s. 6d., from Dickins and Jones. Centre: Playtex girdle in absorbent cotton and latex, quick to wash and dry, 42s., elasticated batiste and nylon bra, 27s. 6d., at leading stores. Right: Au Fait's nylon corselet, 6 gns., Dickins and Jones

second skin for beauty



John French

PRINTS have made a firm return to the fashion scene. Here we show a delightful short evening gown in satin-finished cotton, in a wonderful colour combination. The high-waisted, strapless bodice and stole is deep sea-green, and the bouffant skirt is a mixture of green, blue and mauve. It is made by Horrockses and its price is twelve guineas. Obtainable from Chanelle, Knightsbridge, early in February. The glittering, sparkling jewellery, which blends so admirably with these dresses, is by Jewelcraft. The wide rhinestone necklet costs 5½ guineas, the bracelet, 54s. 6d., and the ear-rings, 29s. 6d., at Fior, while the pearl and gilt bracelet is 65s., the ear-rings, 39s. 6d., and the brooch, 39s. 6d., at Peter Jones

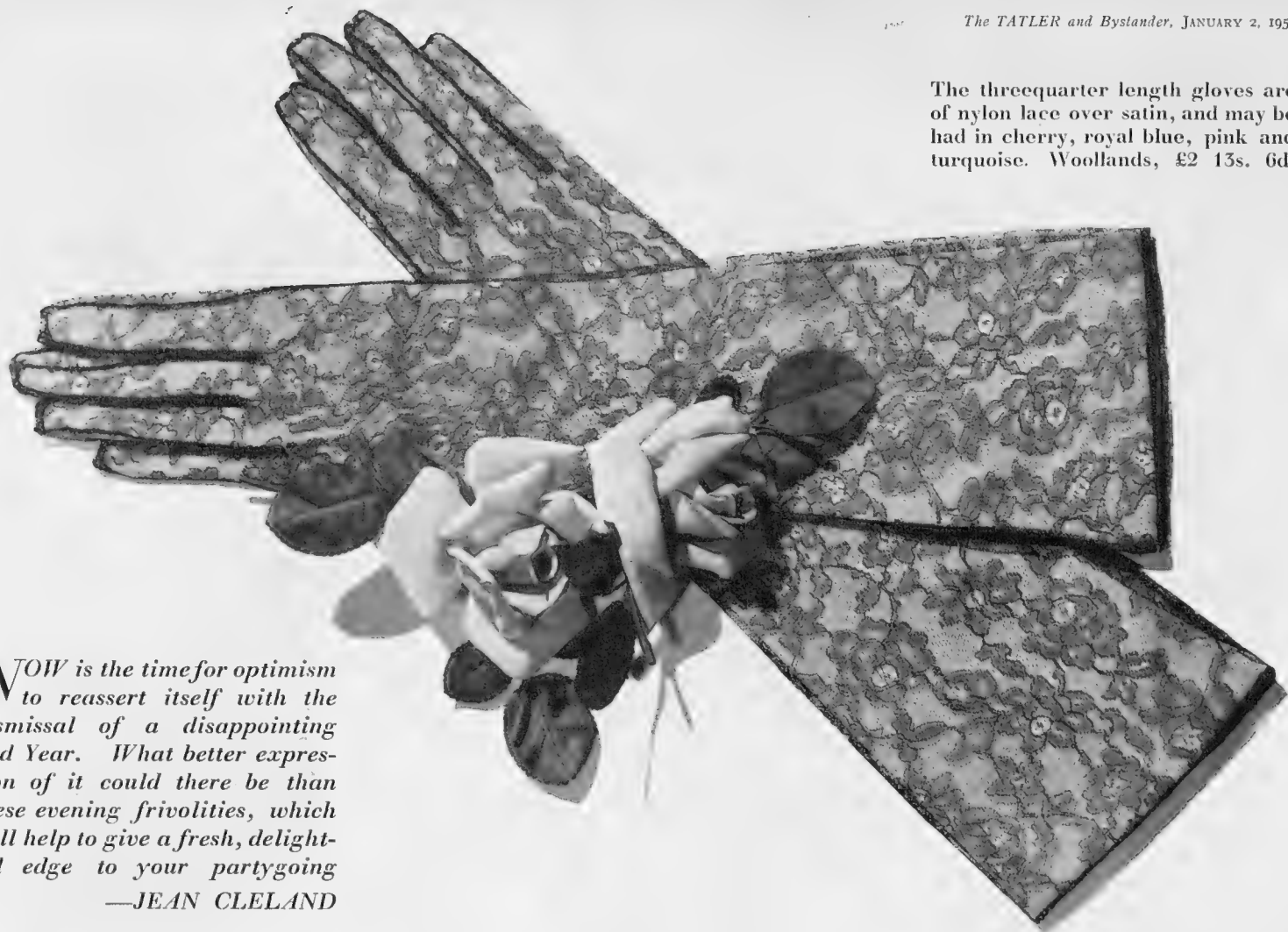
THE FLOWER AND THE JEWEL

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





The threequarter length gloves are of nylon lace over satin, and may be had in cherry, royal blue, pink and turquoise. Woollands, £2 13s. 6d.



NOW is the time for optimism to reassert itself with the dismissal of a disappointing Old Year. What better expression of it could there be than these evening frivolities, which will help to give a fresh, delightful edge to your partygoing

—JEAN CLELAND

Start the New Year on a lighthearted note



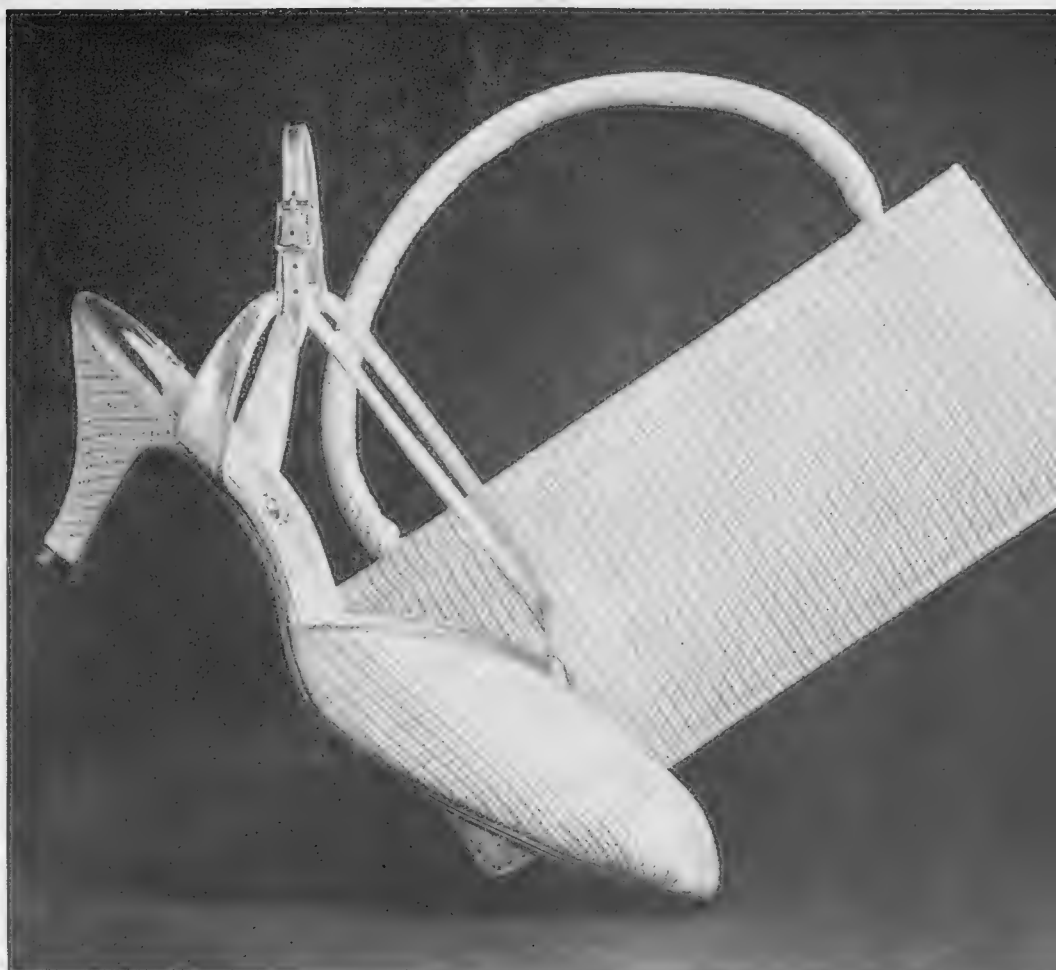
Left: Handpainted washable nylon squares, one with flower design and one with dogs. £2 19s. 6d. each from Marshall and Snelgrove



Above: Black patent and suede handbag, with red leather lining. £13 14s. 6d. Gilt and topaz necklet, £6 19s. 6d. Swan and Edgar



Black antelope belt from Spain, decorated with gold feathers, £5. Black antelope bag to match, £8 8s. Dickins and Jones have them in stock

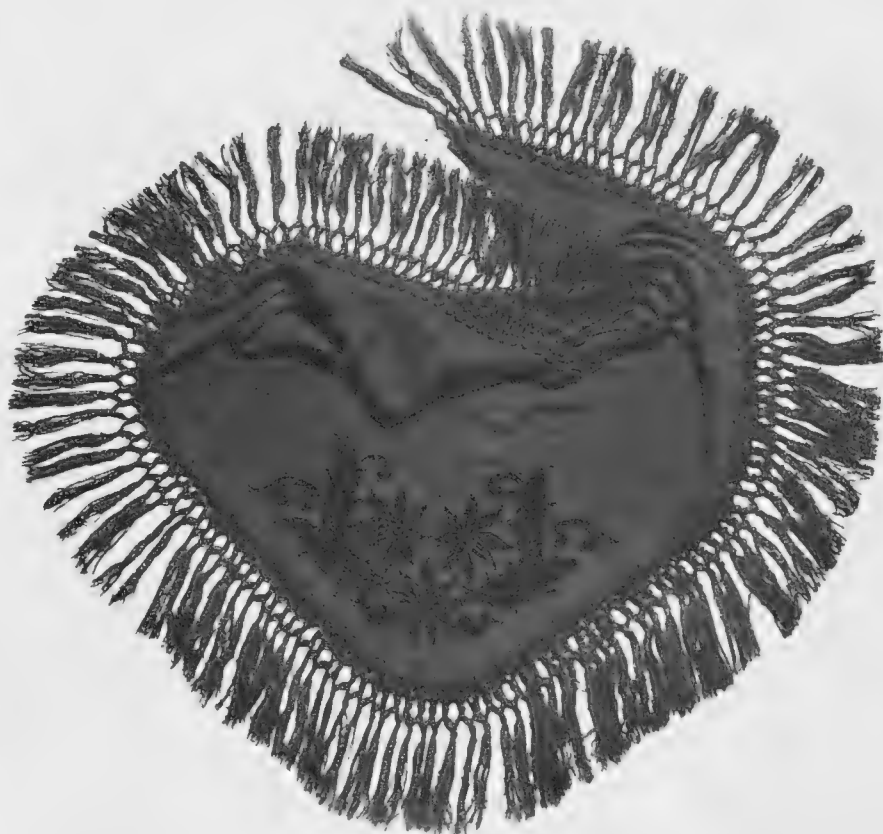


Dennis Smith

This gold Lurex pochette is £4 5s. and can also be had in silver. Sandals of the same material are £4 9s. 9d., also in silver. Both come from Russell and Bromley



Left: Long nylon gloves, Pinkham's ruched, 15s. 11d. Embroidery on white, £1 5s. 9d., silver or gold on black, £1 6s. 9d. Embroidered, in eight shades, £1 5s. 9d. Ready soon



Above: Black all-wool jersey triangular stole with applique flower design in black velvet. Also obtainable in white. It may be had at Swan and Edgar, £3 19s. 6d.

Beauty

Experiment!

Jean Cleland

IF I were asked to make three suggestions for the New Year, the first would be to change the last two letters in the word "wish" and substitute "sh" with "ll." Most of us spend too much time saying "I wish" when we would be far better occupied saying "I will." The first gets us nowhere, the second brings results. Try it out. Change "I wish I could improve my complexion" to "I will improve my complexion." Or, "I wish I could get slim" to "I will get slim." And so on and so on.

The second suggestion would be to have the courage to experiment. Perhaps you recall the song of that name, sung by the late and dearly loved Gertrude Lawrence. I remember a bit of it went like this—"Experiment; make it your motto day and night, Experiment, and it will lead you to the light."

Try out some of the new things. Be curious—that advice came into the song, too—and explore the possibilities of up-to-date methods and fresh ideas. Curiosity may have killed the cat—although I could never think why—but we would be hopelessly bogged down without it.

The third suggestion would be to avoid getting into a rut. This hopeless state of affairs was never more aptly expressed than in Ogden Nash's famous verse:

There was a young man who said damn
I've suddenly learnt that I am
A person who moves, in predestined grooves
I'm not even a bus, I'm a tram.

Lots of people are "trams" without even knowing it.

THERE is far too much "playing safe" in my view. It is a dull procedure, and if persisted in becomes dreary and excessively boring. Like everything else, personal appearance is all the better for an occasional change. One can in time get used even to a beautiful woman if she always looks exactly the same for breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, every day, year in and year out. For those who are less blessed, it is even more unfortunate. Small things may make a vast improvement, and reveal an entirely new personality.

Let us, in 1957, make a resolution to be done with "playing safe," and to try out something different every now and then. The first thing that springs to mind in making a change of appearance is a new hair style. You have only to think back to any play in which an actress whose role changes from simplicity to sophistication, or from gawkiness to glamour, to realize that in most cases ninety per cent of the transformation is due to a change of hair



TO WELCOME the New Year, here is a deliciously young and pretty hair style by Alan Spiers in the new "Cupid" line

style. Take advantage of some of the lovely colour rinses that are now available in a wonderful variety of subtle shades. If you do not like them you can have them washed out with the next shampoo.

PERHAPS you have never had a professional facial treatment at one of the well-known salons. If that is so, try it out just once. Have it on the day of some special party; get them to give you one of the "uplift" face masks. Fatigue drops away, wrinkles are smoothed out, and you come out looking, and feeling, years younger than when you went in. If you can spare a whole day once in a while, give yourself the luxury of a whole "top to toe" treatment, in which you are completely made over with body massage, hair-do and facial.

Not nearly enough people make the most of their eyes. Experiment with a little eye shadow, and try out some of the lovely new subtle shades, then brush the lashes with a matching mascara. Well groomed eyebrows, too, have far more influence on the looks than many people realize. If you have not done so yet, go to a good salon, and have them shaped to a tidy, sleek and well-defined arch.

To finish, I will leave you with the last words of Gertie's song:

If this advice you'll only employ,
The future can offer you infinite joy, and merriment,
Experiment, and you'll see.



THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde

Miss Anne Gillian Grant, only daughter of Mr. A. D. Grant, of Lodge Farm, Stowood Beckley, Oxford, and of the late Mrs. Grant, is to marry Capt. Robert Stafford Ferrand, eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. H. Ferrand, of Thorney Hall, Leyburn



Yevonde

Miss Hermione Veronica Bennett, daughter of Mr. Michael W. Bennett, of Loen, Healing, near Grimsby, and of Mrs. B. P. W. Michell, of Palace Gate, W.8, is to marry Mr. John Henry Palmer, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Palmer, of Leyland, Whittlesea, near Peterborough



Princesse Helene Astrid, daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, is seen with her fiancé, Count Everard de Limburg-Stirum, at his parents' house, the Chateau de Huldenberg. Their engagement was announced at the same time as that of Prince Henri, eldest son of the Comte de Paris



Fayer

Miss Helen Sylvia Card, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Card, of Reigate, Surrey, has recently announced her engagement to Sir James Dalrymple-Hay, Bt., of Hillsbrow School, Redhill, son of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. G. Dalrymple-Hay



Lenare

Miss Hilary Diane Cecil Power, only daughter of Mrs. Power, of Montpellier Square, S.W.7, and of the late Sir Ivan Power, Bt., is to marry Mr. Malcolm Harry Erskine, only son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. D. C. F. and Mrs. Erskine, of The Manor, Bourton on the Water, Gloucestershire



Harlip

Miss Susannah Bodley Scott, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Bodley Scott, of Harley Street, W.1, is engaged to Mr. Patrick Forrester Agar, son of the late Mr. T. F. Agar, and Mrs. Ashley Scarlett, and stepson of Lieutenant-Colonel H. Ashley Scarlett, of Hampstead, London



David Sim

Miss Claire Berney, younger daughter of Sir Thomas R. Berney, Bt., of Dragon House, Downton, Wilts, and of Mrs. Pain, of Bulawayo, is to marry Sub-Lieut. Jeremy Michael Lynch, who is the son of the late Mr. Lewis Lynch and of Mrs. Lynch, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia

Motoring

THE ART OF ECONOMY

THERE has been a surfeit of instructions upon how to save fuel when driving, but it is necessary to return to that subject once again. The methods of those who take part in economy competitions are now well known. First the car is checked for free running and the greatest care is taken that the brake shoes clear the drums the moment the brake pedal is released. Then the tyre pressures are raised considerably above the car manufacturer's recommended figure. Then the engine is (where the rules permit) tuned for economy and, finally, the driving procedure is drastically modified.

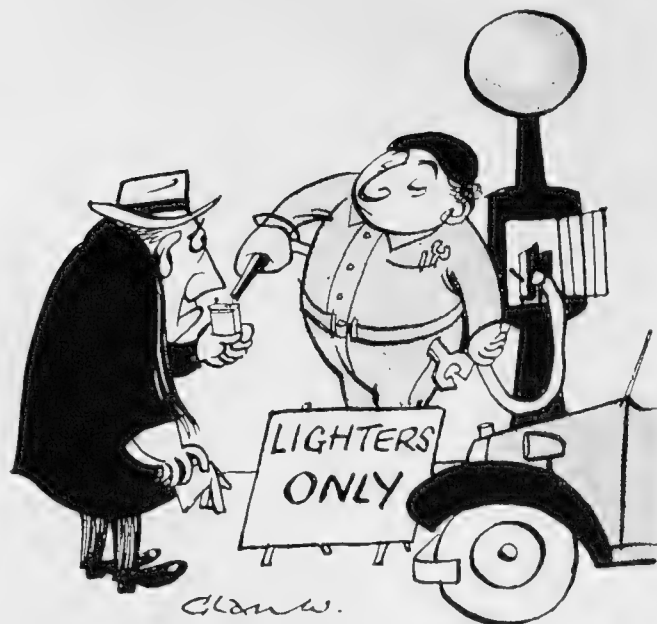
Special engine tuning can do much in reducing fuel consumption; but it is outside the scope of most owners and many competitions now refuse to admit it. So we may leave that aside—apart perhaps from the obvious idling adjustment—and turn to driving methods.

ONE can summarize these by saying that the engine revs must be kept down and that all alterations in speed must be made gently. The competitions men strike a nice line in deciding when to switch off the engine. Starting always takes extra fuel, no matter what the adjustment, and it follows that switching off for traffic stops of brief duration is an error. But, where the coolant temperature can be kept up by a radiator blind, fuel may be saved by switching off when a really long wait is certain.

But engine temperature must be kept up and, as we now find out to our regret, not many manufacturers fit a means of precisely controlling it. The ordinary thermostatic re-circulatory system is by no means so satisfactory as a blind which will look after all the cooling liquid.

These points have been made repeatedly and my excuse for making them again is that, upon them, will depend for some months to come the mileage which can be run to the ration available. For today it is not miles to the gallon, so much as miles to the ration that count and the two are by no means the same thing.

It is here that a special reference must be made to the Austin A35 saloon trial under Royal Automobile Club observation. Those who examined the reports closely enough will have noticed that the driver, Mr. J. Lowrey (the technical editor of *The Motor*), did not adopt fancy methods. He drove almost in the



manner one might have driven before the days of rationing except that he kept the engine revs down more, changing a bit later on hills and letting the car take its own comfortable cruising speed in the open (about fifty miles an hour) without forcing it.

R.A.C. observed top speed of the A35 was 75 miles an hour for the flying quarter, with a mean speed of two runs in opposite directions of 69.2 m.p.h. It was an astonishing performance.

I have now studied in detail the entire technical report of the observers and I can find no holes to pick. The route chosen was an "easy" one in that it included long stretches of well surfaced road where jams and hold-ups were unlikely; but it also included a certain proportion of traffic driving. London, Basingstoke, Salisbury, Lyme Regis, Devizes, Banbury, Leicester, Lincoln, Peterborough, Hatfield and back to London was the itinerary.

The average speed was 31.6 miles per hour and a very important point is that the R.A.C. prohibited coasting in neutral. This is an obvious way of saving fuel and is, for the experienced driver, a legitimate way. But the R.A.C. was right in banning it because inexperienced drivers can get into serious trouble if they use it. Accurate judgment must be exercised in determining when a hill is too steep for safe coasting and there must be skill in heel and toe gear engagement. A driver who indulges in coasting must be able to engage an appropriate gear while still using the foot brake. That is an accomplishment which is probably less widespread than it used to be. So coasting can only be given a limited approval as a means of saving fuel.

Probably the greatest difficulty in saving fuel for the experienced driver is that of changing the habits he has formed. A fast driver who uses engine and brakes vigorously may find it difficult to treat them gently on all occasions. The old habits tend to reassert themselves. And the driver who spends most of his time overtaking others, will suddenly discover that there is a technique in *being overtaken*. Correct positioning on the road is required and the overtaker must be given unmistakable indications of the course being followed.

When those of us who are subjected to the full rigours of the fuel squeeze are drifting gently along, conserving every litre of fuel, we must be continuously ready to give safe and easy passage to that unpleasant resurgent class, the V.I.P.s. who are without transport problems. We must allow them to sweep past, a reminder of the days when we, too, could step on it without anxiety or execration!

THE new dual white line experiment announced the other day by the Ministry of Transport is simply an adaptation of a scheme which has been in use in France for ages. On the whole I think it is probably a sound scheme. When, on a corner, you are next to a continuous white line, you must not cross it. Where the line is broken you may—after taking all proper precautions—cross it. It really gives added force to the continuous white line. In France the scheme works quite well and I see no reason to suppose that it will not do so here. —*Oliver Stewart*



BRITISH MOTOR MANUFACTURERS held a gathering at the Los Angeles Auto Show this winter to announce a record year of imports of British cars into the States. Above, Mr. J. Dugdale, M.C., Vice-President of Jaguar Cars, Los Angeles, Stirling Moss and Mr. C. G. Bennett, Vice-President of Jaguar Cars, N.Y.



Boxer—Stuart. The marriage took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, last month between Mr. Mark Boxer, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. S. Boxer, and Lady Arabella Stuart, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Moray, and of Barbara, Countess of Moray, of Hans Place, London



Edward Eves

Richardson — Aubrey Jones. Sub-Lieut. John Trevor Richardson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. L. Richardson, of Kenilworth Road, Coventry, married Miss Diana Cynthia Aubrey Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Aubrey Jones, of Wootton Court, Warwick, at the Church of St. Mary, Warwick

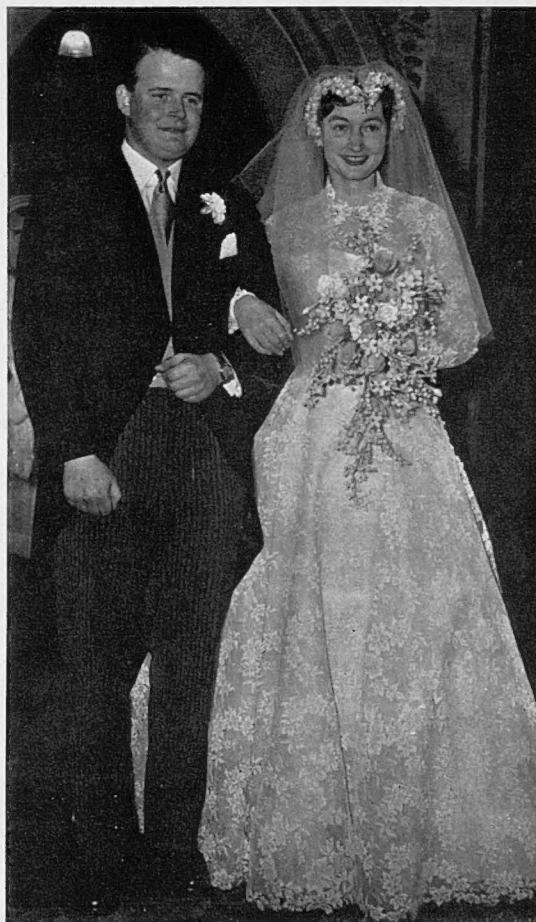


Montgomery-Cuninghame—Gordon Lennox. Sir Andrew Montgomery-Cuninghame, Bt., son of the late Col. Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, Bt., and of Mme. Jan Killander, of Hyde Park St., W.2, married Miss Sara Gordon Lennox, daughter of the late Lord Esme Gordon Lennox, and of Lady Esme Gordon Lennox, of Abingdon Court, W.8, at St. George's, Hanover Square

THEY WERE MARRIED



Fisher—Tullis. Mr. Ocean Francis William Fisher, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Fisher, of Princes Gate, and of Hazelwood, King's Langley, married Miss Marie Ramsden Tullis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Tullis, formerly of Fulmer, Bucks, now of Holland Villas Road, London, at St. James's, Fulmer



Glyn—Harford. Mr. Jeremy Christopher Glyn, only son of Sir Francis Glyn, of Hole Farm, Albury, Herts, and of Mrs. Jane Glyn, of Chesterfield Hill, W.1, married Miss Robina Elspeth Harford, only daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Harford, of Standen House, Chute, Hants, at St. Nicolas's Church, Chute, Hampshire



Edelston—Carew-Gibbs. Mr. Peter Rodney Edelston, son of the late Capt. Edward Edelston, M.C., and of Mrs. Norah Edelston, of Fulham Road, London, married Miss Anne Michelle Carew-Gibbs, daughter of Mr. Kenneth Carew-Gibbs, of Southwell, Worth, Sussex, and Mrs. Francis Haddock, of Cowfold, at Bolney, Sussex



ANDRÉ SIMON (third from right), is congratulated for the dexterity with which he decanted a bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild 1877, his birth year. Toasting him are (left to right) Ronald Avery, J. J. Hall, the eminent George Gulley, Tristram Hillier, George Rainbird and Percy Hennell

DINING OUT

A literary lunch

IN the course of a year there are "dining out" occasions that one remembers for long afterwards. A few times in your life you may have a meal you never forget.

When George Rainbird, a publisher of beautiful books, asked André Simon, the eminent George Gulley and myself to travel from London some eighty miles to his home at Whichford, near Shipston-on-Stour, for lunch, we accepted with alacrity, as George Rainbird has a very remarkable cellar indeed; he also has a very remarkable (and charming) wife. When I write to her I always start my letters: "Chere Madame et Maître Chef de Cuisine," which is exactly what she is; her skill in the culinary arts is quite astonishing, and we knew that the food would be prepared by her own fair hands.

One problem had to be solved. It's all very well to drive eighty miles to lunch, but driving back is not a pleasant prospect after you have had a great feast and possibly six or seven different and wonderful wines.

I was propounding this problem to Victor Bridgen of Victor Britain, who have cars and chauffeurs available by the dozen, when the Spirit of Christmas descended upon him. "This great event shall not be ruined by apprehension," he said; "a Jaguar saloon and chauffeur will be placed at your disposal." And so it was. We drove up full of anticipation, stopping at The Mire at Oxford to collect Ronald Avery who had travelled there from Bristol.

ON arrival we were greeted by George Rainbird at the gates of the ancient manor which he bought for a song when it was derelict, and about which he has been singing ever since, having restored it to its former glory. We met the rest of the guests, proceedings began with Moët and Chandon Dom Perignon 1943 as an aperitif, and then followed this wonderful lunch:

Jerez Viejsissimo 1770

Batard Montrachet 1945

Chateau Latour 1934

(Magnum)

Chateau Ausone 1924

(Magnum)

Chateau Haut Brion 1920

(Magnum)

Chateau Mouton Rothschild 1877

Hennessy Grande Fin Champagne 1913, landed 1914, bottled 1942

Game Soup (pheasants and pigeons from Whichford laced with Brandy and Sherry)
Sweetbread Soufflé (a new experience for all of us and a great delicacy)

Saddle of Whichford Lamb

Brussels Sprouts

Potatoes

Cheeses: Tomes au Raisin

Brie

Gruyère

Dessert

Coffee

André's verdict on the wine was that the Ausone was very good but had been better; that the Haut Brion was also very good, but had never been better; while the Mouton had retained a wonderful colour and although it showed some age, certainly not its real one. Also of outstanding quality was an "Eau de Vie" Mouton, labelled "Reserved for the Baron Philippe and not for sale."

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Spring rustlings

EVERY year, at this time, come certain harbingers of spring. Even if they are forced, they make us aware of near future possibilities.

Already, asparagus is "in"—at a price prohibitive to most of us, but still it sells! I shall wait for the first ones which thrust their heads through their sandy soil, because the true sun has summoned them, when they will have developed the true flavour.

But forced rhubarb is another story. Those delicate pink stems, plumed with almost yellow leaf are flavoured just enough to make even the best garden rhubarb seem a coarse fruit. At 1s. 6d. to 2s. a pound, at Shearns, where all the early forced things are, it is a good "buy," not only because it is delicious but also because, if rhubarb's here, spring can't be far behind!

So delicate is this rhubarb, that I like to casserole-cook it. Cut it into inch lengths, place in an oven dish, sprinkle with a little sugar and a tablespoon or so of water, cover and leave at a low temperature until translucent. If you like lots of juice, make a thin syrup and gently poach the rhubarb in it. Not until we are a little used to the fresh taste need we add thinly sliced mandarin or plain oranges to the syrup. Chill and serve.

Sea-kale is another forced vegetable and, of course, very delicate. Simply trim off the roots so as not to loosen the "stems," then tie the kale in bundles and lower them into boiling salted water. Cook gently for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with melted butter or Hollandaise sauce or a mild Bechamel sauce lightly "touched" with grated nutmeg—but, for preference, not with a strongly flavoured one like Sauce Mornay which would entirely blanket the flavour of the *chou de mer*.

JERSEY and Guernsey potatoes ought soon to be getting plentiful. Those from Italy are good—but nothing like the Channel Island ones. If you can get a bunch of chives, chop them and sprinkle them over the boiled new potatoes, first well drenched with butter. You then have one of the really great culinary delicacies of the very early spring table.

And is it not wonderful that, already, French green sweet peppers are arriving? Expensive though they are, they do enable us to make more of those simple dishes we make up from our heads, out of nothing, so to speak.

Coming in just now are South African peaches, apricots and plums. As the present small quantities will swell into plenty so that those of us who like to make apricot jam, flavoured with the kernels of the fruit itself, can do so. Incidentally, keep prune stones in a jar, and when you make jam from dried apricots, crack some of the stones and add their kernels to it. Very much better than sweet almonds which have no flavour at all!

The mention above of dishes "from our heads" brings to mind a new cookery book, *Good Cooking Companion*, by Mary Gallati (Souvenir Press, 15s.). It is a good book with a feature which will endear it to many people, because it gives pleasant and, often, unusual ways of using up left-overs (or "remains" or "remnants," as she calls them) from a main dish.

—Helen Burke



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you've got Whisky Mac.

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on its excellent own.
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